

The Listener

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Christmas BOOKS

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December

Call upon your friend, John Citizen, any time this month and you are likely to encounter the living embodiment of Congreve's lines: invention certainly has flagged and his brain is worse than muddy, as 'black despair succeeds brown study'. He is not, as you might suppose from his attitude, considering some Machiavellian problem in chess. Indeed, he knows little about this most cosmopolitan of games. He takes the Giuoco Piano to mean some form of musical instrument, whilst the Sicilian Defence means nothing at all. No. Your friend is simply wrestling with the Christmas Present Problem. He can, however, take heart. The Midland Bank Christmas Gift Cheque is both Everyman's Opening and Impregnable Defence in this annual battle of (hitherto baffled) wits. And he—and you and everybody else—can buy these prestige-raising, reason-saving devices at any branch of the Midland Bank for the small sum of 1/- each, plus the amount you want to give.

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This example may be thought to contradict my statement that the entwinement of astronomy with the state is of recent origin, but this is not so. Charles II asked Wren to build the Observatory at Greenwich and called Flamsteed to the post of Astronomer Royal. But Flamsteed equipped the Observatory with the help of benefactors and at his own expense. Herschel built his telescope privately, though indeed his famous 48-inch instrument which he built in 1785 was assisted by royal patronage. The distinction gained by British astronomy on the basis of individual initiative and private enterprise was even more firmly established twenty years after Herschel's death when the Earl of Rosse succeeded in constructing his 72-inch telescope. At the time

when Lord Rosse was already able to observe the spiral structure of distant nebulae there was no telescope of any significance on the American continent. In 1825 John Quincy Adams spoke before Congress:

It is with no feeling of pride as an American that the remark may be made that on the comparatively small territorial surface of Europe there are existing upward of 130 of these lighthouses of the skies, while throughout the whole American hemisphere there is not one.

Adams turned from a scornful and derisive Congress to raise money by public subscription, and the foundation of the great American observatories in this way was assisted by the fortunate appearance of Halley's comet in 1835 and the great comet of 1843 which roused people everywhere to the need for better telescopes. The American astronomical scene has, in fact, been dominated almost entirely until the last few years by private benefactions. The succession of telescopes of ever-increasing size by which American astronomers have captured the initiative in astronomical research were built because George Ellery Hale had the vision and ability to obtain very large sums of money without state assistance. Yerkes, Carnegie, and Hooker responded to his requests, and then in 1928 came Hale's greatest achievement when he obtained from the Rockefeller Foundation \$6,000,000 for the construction of the 200-inch telescope which is now in operation on Mount Palomar. Much of the contemporary picture of the universe has arisen from the operation of these wonderful instruments. The dominating influence of private benefactions in the field of large astronomical telescopes on the American continent has, in the past, been almost complete. In fact only one large telescope—the 120-inch at Lick Observatory which is not yet in action—has been financed otherwise.

A century after Adams's abortive approach to Congress the relative position of British and American astronomy was almost completely reversed. With relatively small private benefaction and even less state assistance no one in Great Britain could build a successor to Lord Rosse's telescope. It is indeed a mortifying thought that the largest telescope in Great Britain today is considerably smaller than the telescope which Herschel built in 1785 and that the majority of the telescopes at the Royal Observatory date from the nineteenth century. In a year when America has added to her astronomical riches by granting more than \$2,000,000 for the creation of a new National Optical Observatory in New Mexico, and Russia has announced her intention of building a 236-inch telescope, the construction of a 100-inch British telescope has been postponed because of financial difficulties.

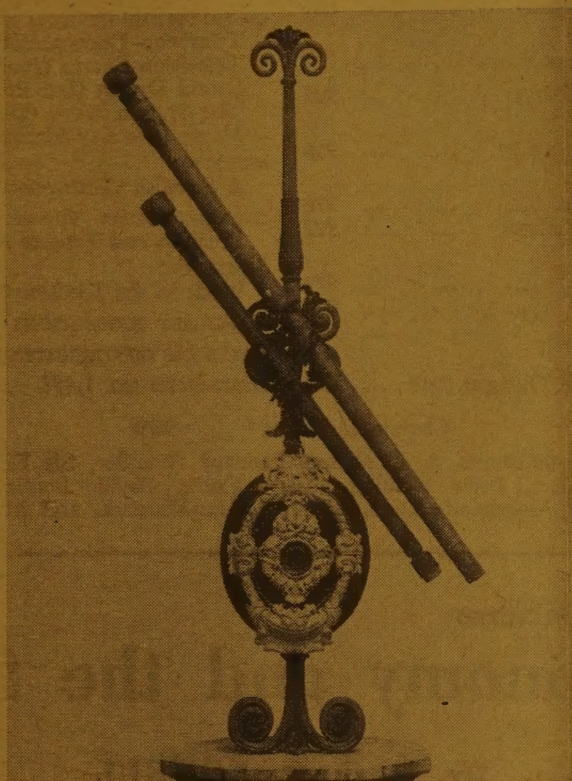
The steady decay of British influence in astronomy has fortunately been arrested by remarkable developments in the technical field. In my last lecture I described the new epoch which we have entered through the science of radio astronomy. The radio telescopes which have made possible these developments are expensive to build and operate. Great Britain has spent more than £1,000,000 on such instruments during the last few years. In America, after a reluctant start, \$15,000,000 (or more than £5,000,000) have already been invested in similar radio telescopes, and by 1962 a single radio telescope built by one of the American armed services will have cost £36,000,000. Indeed, a survey of the international scene in astronomy gives me excitement and pleasure as an astronomer, but as a citizen I am filled with dismay. The American enterprises in this new subject are being pursued with such vigour that they seem likely to establish precedence over our own efforts within a few years. In fact the

history of the developments of optical telescopes in the two countries may soon be repeated in these new fields of endeavour.

Neither is it possible for me to derive any sense of patriotic satisfaction from a study of the development of astronomy in the U.S.S.R. For more than 200 years the Academy of Sciences has played a prominent role in the encouragement of astronomy in Russia. The famous Pulkovo Observatory near Leningrad, established in 1839, was frequently regarded as the astronomical capital of the world in the nineteenth century. But Pulkovo and the other large observatory at Simeiz in the Crimea were razed to the ground during the battles of the second world war. Thirteen years ago, when the American telescopes were in the full flood of discovery, not a single coherent group of astronomers with any worth-while equipment existed in Russia. When viewed against this grim background the recovery of the astronomical sciences must be regarded as phenomenal. Pulkovo and Simeiz have been rebuilt and extended and at least six other major observatories

have been created during the last decade. During the years when Great Britain has cast on one side the construction of the 100-inch telescope, the U.S.S.R. has proceeded with the 100-inch in the Crimea, and has announced its plans for building a telescope even larger than the 200-inch at Palomar. Radio telescopes of great size are now coming into use, and the determination with which these new techniques are being pursued by large teams of technicians and astronomers is a clear indication of the concern of the U.S.S.R. with the fundamental problems of science, at a time when, indeed, it might well justify the use of its resources for other purposes of more immediate human concern.

Whereas the recovery of Soviet astronomy from such disasters is a matter for admiration, the development of a completely new technique of astronomical observation in the form of an earth satellite has made the world gasp with astonishment. With the interest centred on the American proposals to launch an earth satellite as part of its International Geophysical Year programme the Soviet Union scored a major triumph by the successful launching of Sputnik I on October 4, 1957, followed a few weeks



Galileo's telescope which he made in 1609

later by the even greater accomplishment of orbiting Sputnik II weighing over a ton and packed with scientific instruments. Now the avowed purpose of earth satellites is for geophysical and astronomical observations, and only those of a conservative outlook would deny the enormous advantages of astronomical investigations made above the absorbing and disturbing regions of the terrestrial atmosphere. However, the cost of such enterprises is, by any standards, very great, and it is now well known that the launching rockets of the satellites, which represent the main cost, are military weapons of most devastating potential.

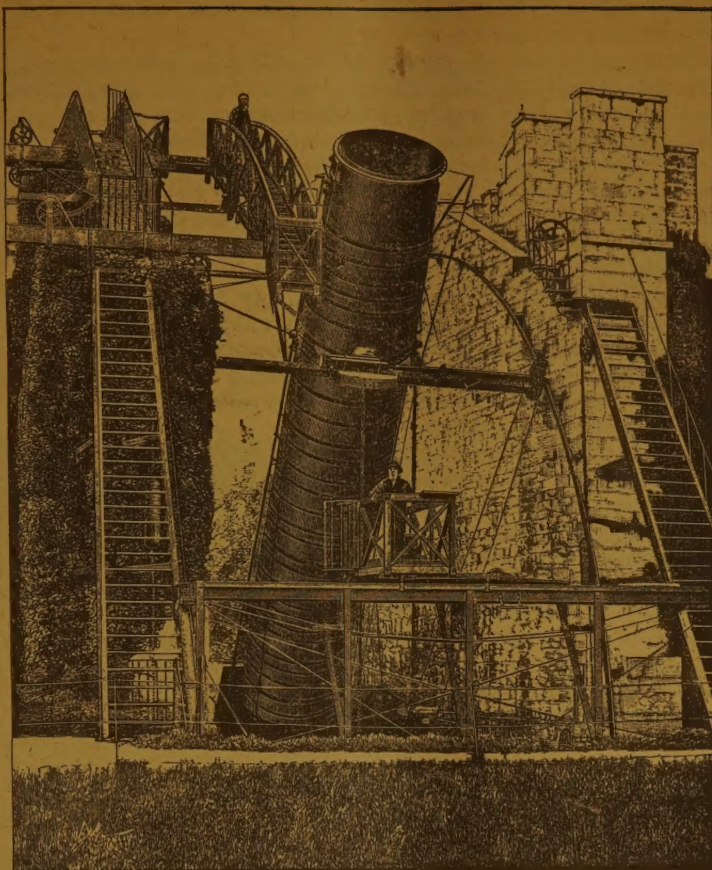
It seems very unlikely that without the practical and military urge behind these developments the scientists of Russia and America would today be in a position to use these new astronomical tools. It is almost impossible to form any reliable estimate of the cost of the satellite programmes, because so much of the work is borne on the defence budgets. The ill-fated Vanguard programme in the U.S.A. has cost about \$120,000,000. Less than a quarter of this sum has gone into the actual satellite part of the programme, such as the manufacture of the satellite and its instruments, with the associated tracking and computing systems. But this must be a small part of the sum already spent in the U.S.A. on the programmes which led to the successful launching of the 'Explorer' satellites and lunar probes. The only guide we have is the statement that in the fiscal year 1959, expenditures for missiles procurement are estimated at over \$3,000,000,000, which is five times the rate of expenditure for this purpose as recently

as fiscal year 1955. After the successful test of the British experimental ballistic weapon known as 'Black Knight' in September, which is capable of forming only one part of a satellite launching rocket, the cost of its development was given as £5,000,000 sterling, and that of the associated rocket range at Woomera as £50,000,000. It is therefore clear that in these new fields of work we are dealing with an expenditure on an unprecedented scale, in which an experimental test of only a few minutes may cost more than the largest telescope yet built.

Those concerned with the astronomical sciences are therefore faced with an entirely new situation. It is understandable that some astronomers, brought up in the tradition of the peaceful isolation of the observatory dome under the starlit sky, do not receive with enthusiasm these new developments in which their instruments are launched from the rocket range under the glare of publicity. Others are happy to join in the initiation of this new era of observation which would be impossible but for the political and military divisions of the world which have forced the governments to an expenditure which would never be borne as a budget for fundamental scientific work alone.

The brilliant successes of the U.S.S.R. in this work contrasted sharply with the initial difficulties of the U.S.A., and it is indeed a question of much importance to determine why the roles of these nations both pursuing the same ends were so unexpectedly reversed. In this connexion one is struck most forcibly by the relative positions of the scientists and engineers in the U.S.S.R. and the West. During the vital years of the development of these projects American science was under the shadow of a Secretary of Defence who could see little value in research which had no immediate foreseeable economic or commercial value. The relevant branches of American science were understaffed, uncorrelated, and without the necessary finance to such an extent that General James Gavin and others resigned in protest. By contrast the power of the Academy of Sciences in Russia is very great. The essential factor appears to be that the initiation of scientific projects is determined by the desire of the scientists of the Academy and that the financial restrictions which place such grave handicaps on the Western scientists do not exist. The single-minded purpose behind such developments, which are carried through with human welfare taking second place, is a feature which has no parallel in Western life. The direct and continuous communication between the Council of Ministers and the senior Academicians determines that no human frailties or vacillations shall interfere with this unity of purpose. As a result we see today a scientific and technological nation in the early stages of development which already has great ability and power. In all the events of the past year I find few things more symbolic than the ease with which the U.S.S.R. launched Sputnik I, weeks ahead of schedule.

It is ironic that the precedence which Russia established in this way appeared to be the one factor required to transform the American scene. At last money became of secondary importance, the divisions were at least partially healed in a fanatical drive to establish parity, and the recent creation of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration with an actual budget this year of \$300,000,000, and a projected budget of \$1,000,000,000 in two years' time, gives a new and refreshing sense of well-being and unity to the American astronomical space projects. The deplorable nature of the competition which has led to this transformation has hastened the development of space re-



The Earl of Rosse's 72-inch telescope (1845)

search beyond anything which was conceivable a few years ago.

Why are the Great Powers willing to spend so much money on these astronomical projects, so that a few privileged scientists can study the regions of space outside the immediate environment of the earth? The answer to this question is certainly not obvious as it would be, for example, in the case of the investigations of an atomic scientist. There the easy answer is in terms of national survival, economically in terms of power resources, and militarily in terms of bombs. No one today would deny that

the most recondite investigation of the structure of atoms might some day influence the development of atomic power or bombs. On the other hand, it may be difficult to see why the study of the structure of a remote nebula could have any relation to the practical business of the state.

The fundamental answer to this general question is written large in history. It is a matter of deep concern that succeeding generations have so often had to rediscover it for themselves — often by bitter experience. The technical devices which form the basis of the present economic and cultural strength of the Great Powers can be traced back within a few generations to fundamental scientific investigations which were carried out in the abstract, supported without thought of direct practical benefit. Without pause, one thinks of the classical linkages of the investigations of Faraday with



Telescope at the Astrophysics Institute at Alma Ata, Kazakh, U.S.S.R.

electrical power, Clerk Maxwell with radio communications, and Rutherford with atomic power.

Now it is not part of my daily job to seek any possible practical outcome of my work; and the large sums of money which have been given for radio telescopes in this country were invested in faith for the free investigation of the universe. But the very first use of the telescope which was conceived and built to study the universe was the detection and tracking by radar of the launching rocket of the Russian sputnik. I do not think one could wish for a more dramatic answer to the question which I posed just now.

May I give another example? One of my young research students, John Evans, was assigned the task of studying the surface of the moon by radar. He sent out a pulse of radio waves every few seconds, and measured their strength when they were reflected back to the radio telescope after their two-and-a-half-second return journey to the moon. Although the transmitted signal was always the same strength, the signal which came back from the moon varied very rapidly in strength. He made a mathematical analysis of these variations and reached the surprising conclusion that his signals were being reflected only from a small area on the face of the moon. We did not start this investigation for any immediate practical purpose, but the result implied that the moon could be used as a space relay for transatlantic radio communication; this would be a way of overcoming the severe hindrances caused by radio fade-outs in the more conventional method.* It would be unwise to oversimplify the complex issues at stake in these matters, but it is obviously easier, on the one hand, to present the case for expenditure on fundamental scientific research, and, on the other, for the state to justify the expenditure to the taxpayer when the techniques, and possibly some of the results, have close associations with a wide range of activities outside the scientist's laboratory.

The expenditure of large sums of money by the state on fundamental scientific research, although inevitable, is full of long-term dangers. In my second lecture I gave an example of the restriction of free astronomical inquiry in Russia today. In Great Britain the dangers are enhanced by the difficult and peculiar situation which exists in the universities. The great scientists of the past were able to achieve their tremendous successes with so little expense that the university organizations have grown up without difficulty on the basis of reasonable equality of expenditure as between arts and science. The problem of absorbing the vast new instruments of science in conventional university departments is exceedingly difficult, and in fact the very desirability of doing so is in question because of the fear of destroying the traditional balance of activities. It seems to me that those charged with the administration of the universities in Great Britain are today faced with a delicate and perilous situation which is without precedent. A failure to absorb these great new scientific projects into a framework where the traditional university freedom of inquiry can flourish will be fraught with grave dangers to scholarship and scientific education.

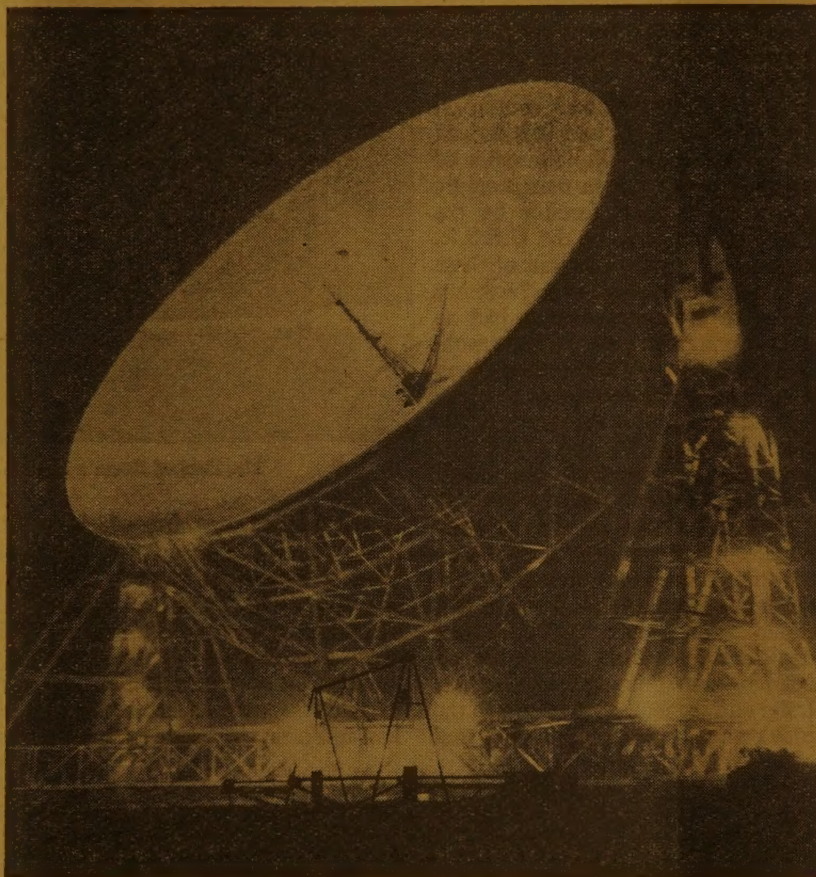
In America the dangers at present are of a different kind. The

finance of the radio astronomical projects is already heavily biased by the investments of the armed services, and early in the next decade when the 600-foot telescope is available, it seems likely that these investments by the military authorities will dominate the American radio astronomical scene. At present the demands of the services for specialized work from these groups of scientists is small. There is, indeed, no reason for it to be otherwise, since the lines of work likely to be pursued with these telescopes by the free volition of the scientists is of great fundamental interest to the services. However, this may not always be so. I am unable to discover any safeguards which would enable this vast fabric of fundamental astronomical research to survive a change of emphasis or opinion in the armed services concerned. It is indeed fortunate that so far in Great Britain these new developments have been contained within a university framework where freedom is a prized and jealously guarded possession.

The main concern of the astronomer is with highly abstract and remote topics. Some of this work can still be pursued by the astronomers working in isolation from the daily turmoil of existence. But we are moving into a new epoch in which even the study of the remote parts of the universe demand a close partnership between the astronomer and the state. The instruments which are destined to solve the problems of the origin of the universe may well rise from the rocket range. The pursuit of the good and the evil are now linked in astronomy as in almost all science.

In so far as Great Britain is concerned I have tried to show that the recovery of our heritage in the astronomical sciences is in acute danger, and that the peril lies deep in our national well-being. The pessimists say that we cannot compete, and that within the next decade the scientific and technological superiority of the U.S.S.R.

over the West will be complete. I do not believe that this will necessarily be the case because I think that the restraints on freedom, which I discussed earlier, may reduce the effectiveness of Russian science, and may counteract to some extent their enormous superiority in scientific manpower and finance. On the other hand, one thing seems beyond contention: fundamental research in astronomy or any other subject is an essential component in the welfare of modern civilization. Unless the West overcomes its present parsimonious attitude to science and technology, then the relative quality of our civilization will decline, and our influence will pass to other peoples. I have referred to the great sums now being spent, particularly in the United States, but in so far as they support research, these represent a quite negligible proportion of the national budget. Neither in Great Britain nor the United States have we yet provided the facilities to saturate our existing scientific manpower. Therein lie my grounds for personal pessimism. Moreover, our danger rests not in our limited potential but in those among us who think of science and astronomy in terms of the sacrifice of a television set or motor car today so that our grandchildren can get to the moon. Alas, the issues at stake are of a different order of gravity. The fate of human civilization will depend on whether the rockets of the future carry the astronomer's telescope or a hydrogen bomb.—*Home Service*



The radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank, Cheshire

* At this point Professor Lovell broadcast the recording of a human voice transmitted by radio to the moon, and its echo returning after two-and-a-half seconds

Yugoslavia's Race with Time

By JOHN MIDGLEY

ALTHOUGH Yugoslavia is Communist—that is, the government is; with the people, as usual, it is different—the typical street scene in Yugoslavia does not have the drab monotony, or the rather depressed purposefulness, that marks town life in much of Communist Europe. No doubt this is, first and foremost, because the Yugoslavs are a Mediterranean people, living life in the Mediterranean way. They like to be out in the street, they clean up and dress to go out when they have finished work, so that they can walk up and down for the pleasure of walking up and down, and a town that has any pretensions to be a town has to have a Corso, a street designed for promenading in the cool of the evening, like any town in Italy or Spain. You do not just see them trailing to and from work. This has the effect of making them look free. Add to that, that the Yugoslav ruling party does not go in for the placards and streamers with monotonous political slogans, or for the public loud-speakers at intervals along the streets. The apparatus of political pressure is missing.

I do not know how or when the Yugoslav government developed these slack habits, but they make an agreeable impression. Climate and national character must have something to do with it, but I have no doubt that the Yugoslav quarrel with Moscow—for many years so bitter, and now revived—has had a good deal to do with it, too. Under heavy fire from Moscow and the other orthodox Communist capitals, the Yugoslav government has been obliged to turn to its own people for support; and its people have given that support, broadly speaking, because they are against foreign domination, and because they feel that the Soviet attack has put them and their government in the same boat. In that position, the government was forced to confide in the people more than is customary between Communist governments and the public. Once that happened, and the public was accepted as an ally against nagging and interference from outside, it must have been difficult to avoid a relatively frank and open discussion of the best ways of doing things, and of the reality or fallacy of a number of dogmatic Communist conceptions about the world and what goes on in it. All this has its effect. Then the quarrel with Moscow has led to increased contacts with the West; and that has its effect, too.

But I do not want to give the impression of a country at peace with itself and free from tension. Yugoslavia has great economic problems: it has widespread, almost universal, social discontent; it has the problem of the different nationalities within its borders and their relationship to each other. On top of all this, the quarrel with Moscow, a dispute about power disguised as a conflict of ideas, has flared up again and is being fought ruthlessly. All these things are sources of tension. Unlikely as it may seem, they are all connected, so closely that one can almost say they are aspects of the same thing. Communism has not cured the Balkans of its plague of contending nationalities. There must have been many Communists who used to think that it would—that with the spread of Communist rule across south-eastern Europe, the national

tensions and feuds that have tormented the Balkan peoples for so long would become pointless and disappear. I imagine Tito was one who took that for granted, once; and Dimitrov, the late Bulgarian Communist leader, was another. One of the roots of Tito's quarrel with Stalin ten years ago lay in the suspicions aroused in Moscow by the ideas of federation which the Bulgarians, under Dimitrov, and the Yugoslavs, under Tito, discussed at various times from 1944 to 1948.

Ambition and national pride, as well as Stalin's dislike, stood in the way of the idea, and nothing came of it. The mood of reconciliation remained only a mood. Among the other chances that were missed was the chance of settling the Macedonian question, the most bloody and tragic of all the Balkan disputes. Macedonia is Yugoslavia's South. But the Bulgarians have always been convinced that it was their West, and whenever war breaks out in Europe they invade Macedonia as a matter of course, believing themselves to be in the right. So far as I have been able to tell, the Bulgarians are sufficiently close to the Macedonians, and the Macedonians are sufficiently close to the Serbs and Croats and Montenegrins, for a South Slav Federation uniting them all to be a sensible proposition. But it is no use talking like this, for the Bulgarians and the Yugoslavs now represent different and hostile kinds of Communism, and union is out of the question.

The moment a difference of dogma separated one Balkan country from the orthodox Communist herd, the banners of national enmity and national ambition were raised again, as harsh and gaudy as ever. For a time after Stalin died the new men in power in Moscow tried to heal the quarrel with Yugoslavia; and Tito, as we know, went a considerable way to meet them. But the period that might have been a period of calming down turned out to be one of turbulent and menacing events, in east Germany, Poland, Hungary, and in some degree in Russia itself, from which Mr. Khrushchev in the end drew the lesson. We have seen in the last twelve months the iron discipline of the Soviet bloc reasserted step by step; and Marshal Tito, because he would not come in as a satellite, found himself left outside and labelled an enemy once more.

This new period of estrangement between Belgrade and Moscow has been marked by distinct differences from the first (the Stalinist) period. In the ten years that have passed since Stalin first excommunicated Tito, the Yugoslav Communists

have evolved their own way of doing things—for instance, in the control and management of industry. They have cut out much of the rigid central direction, and have installed a form of workers' control; the industrial enterprises, even the hotel where you stay or the little provincial newspaper where a journalist will call to see his fellow journalists, are run as separate and independent things, with a workers' committee and a general meeting which take—with many 'ifs' and 'buts'—some of the decisions that a board of directors would take in the West, or that a government official would take in an orthodox Communist country.

The Yugoslav Communists



Girls at a wedding in the village of Dolno Solne, near Skopje, Macedonia

Tania Stanham

by now have their own 'forms of socialism', as the jargon runs, and are prepared to defend them as better suited to their requirements than the forms which the Soviet and Chinese dogmatists think right. Worst of all, they claim the right as Communists to stay outside the Soviet military alliance. This sets a bad example to other Communist governments that might be tempted to think again about the Warsaw Pact, as Mr. Nagy did in Budapest two years ago.

One meets people in Yugoslavia who are sceptical about the pure doctrinal character of this difference, and who will give their own opinion that what moves Marshal Tito and his colleagues is a human reluctance to put it in Mr. Khrushchev's power to remove them and replace them by other men. That may be; none of us is moved by theoretical considerations exclusively. But there is an attempt on both sides to conduct the present quarrel in theoretical terms, as a difference between parties, not between governments. Mr. Khrushchev's aim seems to be to prove that the Yugoslavs are bad Communists, or, better still, not Communists at all; while he attacks the Yugoslav Communist Party, he talks in the same breath of preserving, or even improving, relations with the Belgrade government.

But how difficult it is to keep these quarrels on a pure doctrinal plane! Once tipped off that it is all right to go for the Serbs again, Yugoslavia's old enemies in the Balkans were soon on the warpath. One has to remember that such a quarrel in the Communist world, once unleashed, is waged on a vast and widespread scale. In Berlin, Bucharest, Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi, baffled newspaper readers and radio listeners are asked to give their attention to the errors of the heretics in Belgrade. No doubt the purpose is doctrinal: to warn the people in those places, or rather the party members and officials, that they must not toy with 'revisionism'. But when this far-flung war of words comes nearer home, it takes on different and less academic forms. The Albanians have been conducting an atrocity campaign against the Yugoslavs for their alleged oppression of the large Albanian Muslim minority which lives in the districts—Kosovo, Metohija, and parts of Montenegro—bordering on northern Albania. These are the striking people, the men in white felt skull-caps and curious trousers, the women as nearly veiled as the law will allow them to be, whom you may see coming out from the mountain forests below the Chakor pass, and trekking in little groups, in carts or on foot or horseback, down to market at the old town of Pec. The Albanian campaign about these people has involved a reconstruction of the history of the last war to the discredit of the Serbs and Montenegrins; all possible sources of bad blood between Albanians and Yugoslavs are being reopened and poisoned afresh. Albanian broadcasts work every day to stir up trouble in southern Yugoslavia which has nothing to do with any doctrine; and the Yugoslavs, being human, hit back through the medium of an Albanian radio station of their own.

Thorny Macedonian Question

The Bulgarian campaign is perhaps a shade less noisy than the Albanian, but more dangerous, because it has in the Macedonian question a real and extremely thorny historical dispute to harp on. This was reopened in a characteristic way by a Bulgarian delegate to the Congress of Slavonic Studies in Moscow, Professor Georgiev, who, from the reports, told the philologists that it was really a pity that Macedonian writers and teachers should be misdirecting their energies into establishing Macedonian as a literary language. The fact was that there was not really a Macedonian language at all, he said, just a dialect of Bulgarian, which would not present any problem if the Serbs were not bent on turning it into something more like Serbian and less like Bulgarian than it was. Professor Georgiev's utterance turned out to be the keynote speech for a Bulgarian campaign of vilification against the whole effort of the Yugoslavs to put their relationship with their Macedonian population, as with the other nationalities in their country, on a sound basis. The Yugoslavs have correctly drawn the conclusion that the dream of a Greater Bulgaria is not dead.

These are desperately serious matters for Yugoslavia. When you travel there you cannot but be struck by the great variety of its peoples. This fascinating variety represents its national problem; the different ways of living, working, dressing, praying, and going to church, building a village, are the expression of the different

national histories of its peoples. And indeed, why not? Very different peoples can make up a nation state. But to do that they need time, and Yugoslavia has not had much time—perhaps twenty disturbed years between the first war and the second, followed by a partition in which the Italians, Albanians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Germans all took a bit; and then they started on a second attempt, which has now run for thirteen or fourteen years. In this second attempt the present Yugoslav federal Republic has tried hard to avoid the Serbian mistakes of the nineteen-twenties; and it has had the advantage that the various separatisms were discredited by what happened in the war, while the Yugoslav idea was tempered in the fire of resistance, and came through.

The Present Régime

The present Yugoslav régime is not, of course, a liberal régime; it is communist, a one-party dictatorship; but there is liberality and intelligence to be seen in its handling of its nationalities problem. The Macedonians, in particular, have gained a recognition of their national identity which they have never had before, or not since (I think) the tenth century; in modern history it has been their misfortune that the Greeks have assumed them to be a simple and rustic kind of Greek, the Bulgarians have held them to be Bulgarians (and still do), while the Serbs did not give them separate mention in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, but obstinately treated them as rather backward and eccentric Serbian tribes. At least now they are allowed to be Macedonian, and it is obvious when one goes to Skopje, their capital, that they find this exhilarating. Without any suggestion of ill-will towards Belgrade that I could see, they talk of themselves as Macedonian, they run their affairs in rather an individual way which I suppose is Macedonian. The first Macedonian dictionary is being prepared, there are newspapers in the Macedonian language, and Skopje has acquired a brand-new Macedonian university with some thousands of students. Having now a Macedonian regional government, they are able to lobby in Belgrade for their share of the money available for development—rather more than their share, if you ask the Slovenes, the Croats, or the Montenegrins. As a result, Skopje is becoming a riot of town planning and modern architecture, some of it good; it no longer looks like an overgrown Turkish village, except in a few rather nice parts which are to be pulled down soon.

So far, so good. When regional nationalisms get their head in the modern world, it does tend to mean that the resources of higher education and the printing press are used to cultivate differences unnaturally, and the more educated people get, the less they can understand one another—rather as if the British universities taught their students in four different kinds of Gaelic. It is bad enough for the newspaper people as it is, having to print separate editions in Latin and Cyrillic types; what a pity to make life more complicated still. But the Yugoslavs have a nationalities problem of an extreme kind, thrown up unusually suddenly by the chances of twentieth-century history; psychologically, the policy of the loose rein in nationality questions is no doubt right.

Good psychological judgment will not, however, solve their problem; to fuse this enchanting country into a single, tough, durable, coherent national unit will take more solid achievements—as, indeed, the present rulers of Yugoslavia are well aware. It is not a new observation that national tensions are usually connected with social and economic grievances. The truth is that Yugoslavia's most pressing political problem is economic—the problem of investment and development; or, to put it the other way round, the problem of poverty. It is a country in which nearly everybody is poor, and where people will not accept their poverty as part of the natural order of things. They know that people in the West are better off. They are aware of their poverty, and discontented with it, restless and impatient. They resent having to do two or three jobs because you cannot live on one. They are savagely critical both of their own bosses and planners, and of other countries that are richer than they. Although you find in Yugoslavia much deliberate cultivation of regional nationality and its characteristics, you do not find much desire to preserve old ways of life. People associate old ways of life with poverty.

For this reason any Yugoslav government today, communist or not, would be under pressure from its population to get more done, more quickly, than it can reasonably be expected to do. Consequently it is not much use asking the Yugoslav planners, as one does, whether they are not attempting too much at once in the way of new building, industrialization, and economic development. They will answer: certainly they are, by economic criteria; but by political and social criteria they are not doing enough. They point to the pace at which the population is growing, the pace at which it is migrating from the countryside to the towns, the leeway they have to make up. Often they will go on to talk frankly about the discrepancies in the level of economic life between one region and another, and will make it clear that the competition between the regions for development funds is in reality a conflict between the nationalities within the country. The Belgrade government tries to meet Bosnian, or Macedonian, or Montenegrin demands for more state investment in industry, the land, railways, and roads. The only way it can do this is to divert the money from the richer regions of the north and north-west where the wealth is created. But those people, principally the Croats and Slovenes, look north and west, to the countries of western Europe, much richer than they; they are in a hurry to catch up with the outside world, and they are not willing that

their economies should be held back until the south catches up with them. Thus the government planners, when they decide where the limited funds for new investment are to go, are constantly choosing between national claims within the country. Their work is in effect part, and probably the key part, of the attempt to establish Yugoslavia as a durable nation state—which requires that the conflicting claims of the national regions shall somehow be satisfied.

The Soviet Russians and their orthodox allies are doing their best to see that this effort fails. Their hope is that the Yugoslavs will get into a mess, so that Yugoslav communism will be proved wrong and heretical, an object-lesson to other Communists. People in Belgrade see all this just as clearly if they are opponents, as if they are supporters, of Communism; perhaps more clearly. When their Communist rulers are under the kind of attack from Moscow and Peking that I have described, the only course ordinary people can take is to back their rulers up, whether they like their politics or not. Mr. Khrushchev's efforts therefore have the curious effect of giving Marshal Tito a degree of broad popular support in his country which he would not normally be able to count on. Our interest in the West is, I think, exactly the same as the interest of the Yugoslav people in this quarrel: that the heretics of Belgrade should succeed.—*Third Programme*

'Happy Harmony'

C. P. FITZGERALD on the overseas Chinese in south-east Asia

THE gilt characters on the sign over the shop mean 'Happy Harmony', in whatever dialect the owner may pronounce them; the shop is kept by a Chinese in a street of similar shops, and there is nothing to tell the visitor whether he is in North Borneo, Jakarta, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Rangoon, Bangkok, or Hong Kong. Behind the counter the young man in slacks and open-necked shirt, the national costume of the overseas Chinese, changes the gramophone record which has been treating the street to the latest hit of one of the sweet singers of Hong Kong, Li Li Hua or Yao Lee. He comes forward to offer his wares in passable English, the same wares, and the same tunes in Labuan, Jakarta, Singapore, Kuala Lumpur, Rangoon, Bangkok, and Hong Kong. School children throng along the street carrying satchels in which the same Chinese school books will be found in all these cities of the south. For the overseas Chinese, in spite of dialect differences, are one people, with one culture, one way of life, and only one way of earning a living: commerce.

Commerce and finance, or, to give it a harsher name, money lending, are in the hands of Chinese throughout the whole vast region. They dominate

business and control industry to the virtual exclusion of the natives of these lands. They owe their wealth and their prominence in business to their own toil, perseverance, and self-reliance. No one helped them to go to these countries: they came as coolies from the overcrowded seaboard of southern China, a region despised and neglected by the Old Imperial Court, regarded as boorish and unsophisticated by the scholars, the home of superstition and secret societies. Many of them came, too, centuries ago, before the colonial régimes of the Western Powers imposed an alien law and order, from which

the Chinese duly reaped great advantages. Like other emigrants in a strange and to them often a barbarous land, they retained strong affection for and binding links with the home country. Men went home to die, or if they could not do that, their bones were sent to rest in the ancestral village. They also sent home, and still do, large sums of money, upon which the economy of south China largely rested. In time they came to control the whole retail trade of south-east Asia, but nowhere did they grasp political power.

In sharp contrast to their great commercial and financial strength they are



'For the Chinese there is but one culture, their own': a play being performed in the traditional Chinese manner in an amusement park in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

politically weak, at best subordinate to the native peoples, who are now once more emancipated from the colonial system of the waning West. This situation provides the big contradiction which underlies all the politics of south-east Asia; the contradiction between the ubiquity and uniformity of the Chinese who control the economy, and the diversity and incoherence of the native peoples who now once more rule in these lands. For the Chinese there is but one culture, their own: the same language, identical in its written form, if various in its spoken dialects, runs throughout the region; the same books and similar newspapers are read from end to end, the same entertainments thrive on money earned in the same way, by business and finance. An identical way of life, a traditional religion compounded of Buddhist and Taoist elements, a literature uniform in script and similar in content unite the Chinese communities of these varying countries, which to them are known collectively as 'Nan Yang', the Southern Seas. This is the land of opportunity in which the hardy Chinese pioneers struck such deep, enduring roots.

Some of these roots are deep enough to have entwined themselves into the very foundation of the local civilization, the art of eating. Throughout the south-east of Asia you eat Chinese food, either in a Chinese restaurant, which sports a Spanish name in Manila, advertises 'Thai food' in Bangkok, or puts up its name in Bahasa in Jakarta. It will in all cases be in fact Chinese cookery, slightly influenced by some local taste, perhaps eaten with a fork or spoon, but recognizably, unmistakably Chinese. The Moslem Malays and Indonesians, inheriting from western Asia another culinary tradition, with the religion which they now profess, have some dishes of non-Chinese origin, and must in any case refrain from eating pork, the favourite Chinese meat. Yet even in their cooking Chinese influence dominates the treatment of vegetables, by which they have been much improved.

A Trouser-wearing Race

The Chinese have for centuries been a trouser-wearing race; they now cut these garments more in Western style; but their example, and their near monopoly of the tailoring trade, has probably proved as potent in affecting the dress of south-east Asia as the Western influence. Thais and Indonesian city folk now wear costumes identical with their Chinese neighbours, and provided by Chinese business. Men had discarded the Chinese long gown well before the Chinese Communists decided that it was 'feudalistic'; women, on the contrary, retain this garment, now daringly cut to show an astonishing amount of thigh. Fashions follow Hong Kong, once a staid colonial outpost, now strangely transformed by war and revolution into the vibrant metropolis of non-Communist 'Overseas China'.

Among the host nations there is no such uniformity, either culturally or in any other respect. The Indonesians are mainly Muslim (with large Christian and Hindu minorities) and they write their common language, Bahasa Malay, in Roman letters. The Malays of the Federation are wholly Muslim, but write their language in the Arabic script. The Thais are Buddhist, and use a script derived from Pali; the Burmese, also Buddhist, use another script, unintelligible to the Thais. In Cambodia a third variation of the Pali original is used, and cannot be read by Thais or Burmese. In the Philippine Republic the Spanish and Tagalog languages are spoken, and written in the Roman alphabet. Indonesia is a republic with strong left-wing tendencies, Malaya a monarchy with a markedly conservative outlook. Thailand, in name a constitutional monarchy, is ruled by a military dictator; Burma is a socialist republic.

The one link which all or most of these peoples feel is opposition to Western colonialism, from which they have recently been freed; the one sentiment shared by all their peoples is envy and dislike of the Chinese trader and money lender, without whom their economies could not function. The strength of this sentiment, and its political importance, varies with the strength and numerical importance of the local Chinese community. In the Philippine Republic and in Indonesia, where, although the Chinese are rich and numerous, they remain a very small percentage of the whole population, they can never threaten the political ascendancy of the native peoples. They can be, and are, made to suffer from a number of petty but vexatious laws, restrictions, and interferences, the principal effect of which is

to make the Chinese capitalist chary of investing his profits in the country where he made them. He prefers to put his money into Singapore and, above all, Hong Kong.

Economic and Political Problem

In Thailand and in the Federation of Malaya the Chinese communities are far larger, forming in Malaya nearly forty per cent. of the whole population, in Thailand a less well defined percentage which can be as low as three per cent. if the term 'Chinese' is strictly interpreted, but as high as eighteen per cent. if part Chinese and quasi-assimilated Chinese are included. In both these countries the Chinese communities are not merely an economic problem, they are also a political factor. Alone of all the countries of south-east Asia the newly self-governing city and territory of Singapore, the economic capital of the whole region, has an overwhelming Chinese majority reckoned to be eighty per cent. of the whole. In Singapore the Chinese community is neither a minority nor an economic problem; it is the essence of the whole situation.

In Singapore the problem posed by the presence of the Chinese in south-east Asia can be seen clear and undisguised by any extraneous factor. On the one hand the Chinese of that city, ranging from fabulous wealth to deepest poverty, contain within their own community all the economic and social contradictions which afflict south-east Asia. The problem of the young white-collar worker for whom there is no employment compatible with his talents, the gruesome overcrowding of the slums, where many families have a right to bunks for only eight hours out of the twenty-four, and after occupying these sweltering dormitories for their brief span must spend the rest of their lives in the streets. The lack of industries able to provide employment for a young and increasing population, the patience, diligence, and skill which still enables this huge population to subsist and grow unremittingly—to these formidable social and economic obstacles must be added others of a political nature. Everyone knows that Singapore, unnaturally separated from the country of which it is the commercial and financial capital, as well as the chief port, can survive only if some form of integration with Malaya can be restored. But integration would bring into the Federation a great Chinese population which would finally tip the demographic balance conclusively in favour of the Chinese. The Malays would be a minority in Malaya itself. Moreover, the Singapore Chinese, as might be expected from their urban, overcrowded, and precarious situation, are attracted by the politics of the left. The Communist Party is banned and must not be mentioned, but the only parties which stand any chance of electoral success are left socialist parties to which the economic policy of the Communist Party is not repugnant. The Federation of Malaya by incorporating Singapore would not only buy itself a Chinese majority but would greatly strengthen the left-wing opposition parties in the Federation itself, which are already casting a critical eye upon the conditions of rubber plantation labour and the Malay peasantry.

The Rich Chinese

The rich Chinese of south-east Asia, most of whom are little interested in politics, would like to see conditions under which capitalism can work, by means of which they can grow still richer, and at the same time use some of their wealth to alleviate the condition of the poor. But owing to the nationalism and jealousy of the native politicians who rule these countries, a situation is rapidly being created in which capitalism cannot work, for capital in these countries is Chinese, and their rulers fear it. The Chinese workers of Singapore, and of many lesser cities also, are mainly concerned to survive, but increasingly alert to those who tell them that they cannot hope to do so under the existing system, that only the communist solution which China, ancestral China, has established holds out any hope for the poor. At the same time it occurs to many Chinese, neither very rich nor poor workers, that it does no harm to make the flesh of anti-Chinese politicians creep by pointing out that the West is in retreat and that China is pressing forward; if you hope for our resistance to communist influence, you must make it worth our while; we, too, are Chinese, and we have no intention of

being dragooned out of our way of life, our culture, our educational system, and our business.

A significant commentary on the true outlook of the wealthy Chinese of the Nan Yang is provided by the way they are now investing their money, to them the chief care of life. Freedom, independence, and anti-colonialism are all very well as slogans and political rallying cries, but Hong Kong, which is a plain old-fashioned Crown Colony, without any political aspirations, is the place to put the money. Buy land, tear down some still substantial building, replace it (in less than a year) with a huge office-block or towering apartment house. You will get your whole capital back in rents within five years; then do the same thing again. But is not Hong Kong doomed? It has at best forty years, till 1999, before its leased territory, without which it could not survive, must go back to China; to Communist China as far as anyone can see. In the meantime Hong Kong lives in the shadow of China, virtually dependent on Chinese goodwill. Most of the daily food of its swollen population, now nearly 2,500,000, and constantly increasing, comes from China. If China decided to destroy Hong Kong, could she not do so, without firing a shot? Looked at in Cold War terms Hong Kong's situation is more precarious than that of West Berlin, its ultimate fate more certain. Yet in Hong Kong these preoccupations are strangely absent.

Confidence, prosperity, development and expansion of industry are everywhere apparent. In Singapore men of all races and political views shake their heads over the future. 'If we are still here in four years' time . . .', say the British business men. 'Our problem begins after we have won the next election', say the People's Action Party men, confident at least of that victory. In Hong Kong no one appears to worry about the more distant future. Lancashire's objections to the textile industry of Hong Kong; whether Indonesia's troubles will curtail markets there; Chinese industrial expansion and Japan's efforts to avoid being outmatched by it—these are important questions. The future of Hong Kong is not. Like a man who has been told by his doctor that he is good for another twenty years, but no promises after the age of sixty-five, Hong Kong lives for the present, the booming, prosperous present. Not so good as it was a few years ago, one is wryly told; and the great skyscrapers and office blocks rise up all round, at a fantastic pace, in peculiar commentary upon this opinion.

Recently, within the present year, a new factor has appeared to trouble the relationship of Chinese and south-east Asian, and to worry the Chinese business man himself. The great export drive of Communist China, predicted, but disbelieved a year or two ago, has suddenly become an urgent reality. Throughout the countries of the south, whether in diplomatic relations with China or vehemently anti-communist, the flood of goods from the New China and her new industries has swept into the market, and in many cases swept out what was heretofore sold on those markets. Consumer goods and industrial materials, textiles and cement, sewing machines and bricks, month by month some new, unexpected, cheap and useful article appears from the mysterious womb of China's expanding industrial power. What Japanese industry was to the Asia of the early twentieth century, Chinese industry is fast becoming for the second half of the century, the overwhelming competitor, underselling the established producers, transforming the whole pattern of trade. Cries of alarm sound

from Tokyo to Manila and Bangkok. Chinese textiles are driving the Japanese product off the markets of southern Asia; worse still, Chinese textile machinery is sold to those countries at a price Japan cannot match. In Manila, capital of a country which officially has neither diplomatic nor trade relations with China, the flood of Chinese goods evokes political as well as commercial distress. Hong Kong is accused of being the conduit pipe leading from the wicked communist producer to the innocent Philippine consumer. And the accusation is correct. For Hong Kong is a free port; except for such dubious imports as firearms, narcotics, and gold bars; anyone can bring anything to Hong Kong and anyone can send anything from Hong Kong to any other place. So the Chinese trader, always the villain of the piece, buys Chinese Communist goods and sells them to the Philippines, who are glad enough to get what they want for a lower price than before.

In Malaya, Indonesia, and Thailand the story is the same:

everywhere the new Chinese exports appear, are eagerly bought, and sell swiftly. The Chinese trader, whatever his political views, is the medium by which these goods reach the public. So now he stands in the eyes of his south-east Asian ruler as more than ever suspect, suspect of being a kind of economic fifth columnist, his very political apathy now seen as a failing: at once accused of being too sympathetic to China on grounds of racial and cultural affinity and not sufficiently alive to the economic menace of China in commercial matters. The Chinese industrialist in Hong Kong has another worry, for him the new China is a deadly competitor



A group of Chinese shopkeepers lunching in Hong Kong

cutting him out of the relatively few markets in which his product can be sold. It is true that this drive is widely thought to be aimed against Japan, for reasons which are at least partly political, and the fact that it is hitting Hong Kong is only incidental, but this is cold comfort to the Hong Kong manufacturer. Not without reason, he feels bitter when accused by Lancashire of undercutting the British market, while China, Communist China, is allowed to undercut him without protest from Manchester or comment from Westminster.

Communist China has been feared and resented on many counts: for being a military danger to south-east Asia, for being the source of ideological subversion, for being the grand example of Asia's repudiation of the West; but until now it was not expected that the bogey men of Peking would enter the respectable field of capitalist commerce and beat the capitalists out of that field. Yet this is now the prospect, and the Chinese trader in south-east Asia, because he is a trader rather than because he is also Chinese, is the instrument of this economic penetration, of the communism which is certainly not being contained.

'Happy Harmony'; the term was certainly appropriate to Hong Kong which imported from all the world, communist and anti-communist alike, and asked nothing better than a cessation of strife, of embargoes and blockades, an absence of politics. But Happy Harmony is now threatened from two directions—it has never been securely achieved on the political front between Chinese settler and south-east Asian; it is also menaced by the consequences of the Chinese export drive and the tensions which this creates between Chinese and others in the world of commerce.—*Third Programme*

The Listener

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'Brains' and Books

LAST week the British Broadcasting Corporation gave a dinner to celebrate the third year in which the famous programme 'The Brains Trust' has appeared in television and to honour the people who have appeared in it. We publish on the page opposite the concluding part of the speech made on that occasion by the Chairman of the B.B.C. In the earlier part of his speech he described how 'The Brains Trust' was begotten by education out of entertainment'. It is possibly not generally known that this programme started in the middle of the last war under the title of 'Any Questions?' and as part of the B.B.C.'s Programme for the Forces. The original idea was that men and women serving in the Forces should be given the opportunity to send in requests for information on any subject and that they should be answered by a small panel of experts who were also good broadcasters. In fact the programme did not develop exactly as was expected. In the end the programme became a fine example of the almost lost art of conversation between knowledgeable men and women talking in front of a very large audience.

Naturally, as is commonly realized, one of the main problems of good broadcasting is to find experts who are also masters of the art of communication. The late Dr. C. E. M. Joad, whose name is associated with the early days of 'The Brains Trust', may not have been highly thought of as a philosopher in academic circles; but he was a first-class teacher and he had an incisive and versatile mind that contributed much to the success of the programmes. Inevitably the temptation to pure showmanship exists; but the kind of superficial cleverness that may be effective in the cut-and-thrust of a debating society can be easily exposed on the air, which is often extremely unkind to insincerity. The principal virtue of these kind of programmes is that they provide a stimulus by giving people the opportunity to see how public figures, talking among themselves, set their minds to work and provide varying comments—or even brilliant irrelevancies—in considering questions of general concern.

Every educationist—and indeed every sensible person who thinks about the matter—knows that there are no real short cuts to knowledge. Successful broadcasters—like Sir Julian Huxley, for example, another of the early 'brains-trusters'—have not reached their position of intellectual eminence except by long and profound study of their subjects as well as a wide reading of other people's subjects. Nobody has ever pretended—and certainly not in the B.B.C.—that programmes begotten by education out of entertainment are any substitute for books, any more than the universities would claim that their lecturers, however good, can teach whole subjects by mere word of mouth. It is unlikely that there will ever be a complete substitute for books or indeed for the printed word. Books are needed to stock the mind, just as conversation and debate can stir it up. One of the virtues of this kind of educational entertainment is that it turns people towards great science and literature, not only in the classical mould, but also such modern work as is reviewed in this Christmas Book Number.

What They Are Saying

More about Berlin

BERLIN REMAINED the main subject of comment in West and East. On November 27 Moscow radio broadcast the text of the Soviet Note to the Western Powers proposing that West Berlin be made a 'demilitarized free city'. If the Western Powers did not agree to this, 'they would have no excuse, either legal or moral, for insisting on the preservation of Berlin's four-power status'. The Note proposed there should be no change in the present procedures governing United States, British, and French military traffic between West Berlin and West Germany for six months. If this period were not used to negotiate an agreement, the Soviet Government would nevertheless implement its proposed measures—handing over to East Germany full control over communications, and ending all contacts between Soviet and Western representatives in Germany on Berlin questions. The Note concluded that any threat of force here would be 'inopportune'.

The Soviet Note to East Germany, widely publicized by the East German radio, stressed that the occupation régime in Berlin, the 'capital' of East Germany, was 'absurd', and the Soviet Government intended it to be liquidated within six months. The Soviet Note to West Germany was accompanied by a separate Note which asserted that Western policy was in danger of turning Berlin into a second Sarajevo. In the event of a conflict, West Germany would suffer the use of the maximum number of nuclear weapons, and such people as remained alive would be unfit to live. West German comments on this Note said that it surpassed Stalin in its 'massive threats' and 'open appeals to fear'. On November 29, at an Albanian reception in Moscow, Mr. Khrushchev was quoted as saying:

We want a peaceful solution. We would like to discuss things at a round table conference. We would like to drink toasts again with our war-time allies.

East German and other satellite broadcasts made much of alleged Western disunity in face of the Soviet proposals and of conflicting views within the State Department itself. The British Government's attitude was said to be 'more serious and realistic' than that of the United States or France. *Neues Deutschland* said:

The peace-loving population of all Germany and Berlin approves . . . Hopeless confusion in the Western camp.

Other newspapers carried the headline: 'Britain wants to negotiate with the German Democratic Republic'. Stress was laid on Herr Ulbricht's remark that anyone using the territory of East Germany thereby *de facto* recognized its existence. Vice-President Nixon, during his visit to Britain, was said to have tried to persuade the British Government to join in the 'barren and dangerous' policy pursued by Washington, Paris, and Bonn over Berlin. From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune*, commenting on one of Mr. Nixon's speeches in London, said:

Not only was it a reminder of the many debts our Republic and its laws and institutions owe to Mother England. It was also a pledge—and a warning to the Soviet Union—that the grand alliance of the English-speaking peoples will not tolerate new aggressive manoeuvres in Berlin.

Several West German newspapers were quoted as saying that the shadow of Berlin lay across the Adenauer-de Gaulle talks. The *Koelnische Rundschau*, remarking that Moscow's anti-European designs had suffered another defeat, was quoted as saying of the Adenauer-de Gaulle talks:

'Strong, United Europe' is the watchword of the two heads of governments, which may serve as a lodestar in the future fight for the retention of common freedom and prosperity, against any assault on Berlin, or any other point vital to world peace.

From France, *Le Progrès de Lyon* was quoted as saying that when the day inevitably comes to settle the problem of German reunification, Moscow would bid high to get Germany on its side. 'A gentleman's agreement with our neighbour across the Rhine is what the present situation demands'. As a whole, the press in France, like that in other western countries, stressed the necessity of the West standing firm on Berlin; to do otherwise would be tantamount to losing the cold war.

The Future of Broadcasting

By SIR ARTHUR FFORDE, Chairman of the B.B.C.

The following is the concluding part of the speech made by the Chairman of the B.B.C. at the 'Brains Trust' dinner given at the Drapers' Hall, London, on November 27

IT has been suggested that in addition to the existing B.B.C. and I.T.V. services, there should be a television service to be devoted solely to educational programmes. Whatever superficial attraction this idea may have, I believe it to be basically ill-founded. All experience seems to us at the B.B.C. to show that the broadcasting job should be regarded as a single whole, in which entertainment, information, and education are interfused, in varying proportions if you will, all the time, so as to provide the widest range of programmes that the medium will effectively carry to a public which will receive it with zest. A separate educational broadcasting corporation might indeed render a useful service, but would be in constant danger of becoming an esoteric affair, and of drifting out of touch with the main streams of public interest and public concern: and one wonders who would constitute the audience. Would it consist of educated people, or of people who need education, or of people who thought they were educated? Probably, alas, the latter. And furthermore it would release all other networks from a sense of obligation to promote the more difficult and important side of their work, which is to make intelligent things understandable, and understandable things popular.

The Balance of Programmes

The quantity of television programmes now available to the British people is considerable. But what about the quality? What about the balance? We recently made a retrospective survey of British television during the first six months of this year. We concerned ourselves only with television between 7.0 and 10.30 p.m. and we left all plays out of account, because they are so difficult to classify. Within this framework we found that only about one-fifth of the total television programmes offered to the British people could fairly be described as being of any serious intellectual or artistic value. Of the serious material which was shown to the public, the B.B.C. showed four times as much as commercial television did. But taking the two together—B.B.C. and I.T.V. combined—what is offered in the way of serious material between these hours does not strike me as enough. I am convinced that any further expansion of television in Britain should aim at a substantial increase in the proportion of programmes designed to stimulate thought, to enlarge experience, and to improve taste.

There is in this country today a growing concern for the future of British television. But it is not easy for people outside it to form a clear picture. Industry, the press, the advertising world, and some of the most powerful interests in the entertainment and film worlds are involved one way or another in commercial television. The picture becomes blurred and confused by an inevitable conflict of interests. More often than not the situation has been presented as a straightforward fight between the B.B.C. and the I.T.A. for the possession of a third network. Personally, I doubt whether it is as simple as that. Nevertheless two things are clear to me. First, I do not think that the addition of another commercial network could realistically be expected to raise the overall proportion of serious programmes within the peak listening hours to something much higher than it is today. Secondly, on the other hand, I am certain that the provision of another B.B.C. network would have precisely this effect, that is to say, the effect of raising the proportion of 'serious' to 'light' in the output as a whole. This would happen simply and naturally as a result of the planning of alternative contrasting programmes so as to provide the public with a real choice at all times.

As to this third channel, the ultimate solution will be a matter for the Government of the day. We, in the B.B.C., are professional men and servants of the public. We shall apply our skill and

knowledge to the best advantage we can in any circumstances which the Government may find it right to decide for the broadcasting industry. Nevertheless, we believe that any further expansions of television, any changes in organization that may be imposed, should have as the principal object the raising of the proportion of programmes of intelligence and taste in British television as a whole between 7.0 and 10.30 p.m. And programmes of intelligence and taste, indeed any kind of programme, must, to be effective, be presented by an organization with a real experience of all aspects of broadcasting.

There are two questions very much in the air. I do not believe that these questions are yet quite ripe for decision. So I do not suggest any final answer, but offer them for consideration.

The first question is: How far is it true that, in broadcasting, a multiplicity of sources is always and absolutely a good thing? Is it true that there is no optimum limit to the multiplicity of stations and multiplicity of programmes, irrespective of any co-ordination between them and irrespective of the limitations of the available first-class talent? That is my first question for the evening. The second is this: Is it true, in relation to broadcasting, that anything that is good business must in itself be good? To put the question in a different way, does the Brains Trust agree with the old-established paradox that a little is all very well, but too much is enough? That is the second question.

If I had been all my life an officer of the British Broadcasting Corporation, it would by now have become instinctive in me to approach both these questions, or either of them, with absolute objectivity, absolute dispassion, and absolute calm. As I have already said, I have not intended this evening to suggest to these questions any final answer. But I cannot resist the inclination, on this happy occasion, to indulge my still uncorrected and, I trust, permanently unrepentant bias. My bias is, that multiplicity does not matter, and that business results do not matter, as concerns broadcasting, unless and until they begin to damage the quality of what is sent out on the air, and the discrimination with which it is received. If you offer too many choices, you confuse choice. If you are too concerned with money, or sizes of audience, you tend to dilute quality. But it is quality that counts.

Competitive Statistics

If we could keep clear of the compulsive force of what in themselves are not wholly adequate statistics (statistics which are sound for the purposes for which they are intended, but tend to be used for purposes for which they were never designed), we should be free to pursue the qualitative values in which we really believe. My suggestion is that the way for the country to approach the problem of the future of broadcasting will be to decide, first, what the country rightly wants and, then, to facilitate the provision of that commodity, rather than to get involved in competitive statistics or in financial discussions of the profit or loss, in business terms, accruing from this or that method of operation.

The future of the B.B.C. is, of course, bound up with the answer that is going to be given to the question which of these two approaches is going to be adopted. It comes down to this in the end—that if people think that the B.B.C., on its record of thirty-five years, is something and stands for something that should be supported and developed, then those who have faith, as I have, in the basic judgment of the British people are entitled to assume and believe that it will be supported and developed and that means will be provided to that end. That is my personal faith, and I know that it is shared by my colleagues. I would go on to say, that a Corporation which has so acted as to be able, in this room this evening, to capture the company that is gathered here tonight, is entitled to say—and it does say—that it has done something new and splendid. You would have to go a long way round the world to find anything comparable.

Did You Hear That?

MINIATURES FOR COLLECTORS

'IT IS TRUE that you cannot hope to obtain a miniature by Holbein except for many thousands of pounds (if such a rarity were ever to come on the market again), or a John Smart for less than several hundreds', said FRANK DAVIS in *Network Three*, 'but below these limits the amateur has a wide range of choice from £5 to £100. Your eye gradually becomes accustomed to the subtle difference between one lesser practitioner and another, you find yourself more and more interested in the pretty problems of attribution. You are, too, always on the look out for a portrait of a man or woman who made some stir in the world.

I doubt whether there are still any exciting discoveries to be made; one can scarcely hope to find an unrecorded miniature of Queen Elizabeth I by Nicholas Hilliard, for instance. But once we reach the eighteenth century we have the chance of excellent hunting. Among the earlier men of this prolific century one of the best, in my opinion, is C. F. Zincke, who arrived in London from Dresden in 1706. You can, I think, obtain a good deal of pleasure from the work of George Engleheart (1750-1829) and of Jeremiah Meyer (1735-1789). Both men were respected and successful. But as far as I am concerned neither they nor their numerous brethren active in the late eighteenth century can compare with the best work of John Smart, who came to London from Norwich and established an excellent reputation during the seventeen-seventies. He was admired well enough and then, rather suddenly, he became a market favourite. Someone paid 500 guineas for a miniature by him two years ago and, a year later, 720 guineas and 900 guineas, and, finally, 1,000 guineas.

The craft goes back many centuries—indeed, to the enchanting little pictures in medieval illuminated manuscripts, but it never seems to have occurred to anyone to make a single miniature portrait outside a book until the sixteenth century. The normal medium, as it was in the manuscripts, was water-colour. The sixteenth-century miniature is painted on parchment stuck down on a card—that is, except the few painted in oils. About 1700, ivory began to take the place of parchment and was normal by the end of the eighteenth century. Painting in enamels, though practised occasionally in the seventeenth, was little in favour until the eighteenth century. A slightly convex piece of metal was covered with white enamel—the metal sometimes gold, generally copper—and the portrait painted on that foundation. Then the miniature would be baked in a small furnace to fuse the pigment on to the enamel. The result is an attractive, smooth brilliance and an immunity from ordinary damage.

MOST ENIGMATIC OF BORES

'Perhaps my Great-aunt Geraldine really fitted the bill in her old age', said JOCK BRADFORD in *'Today'*. 'Almost all her male forebears had been soldiers, from one Roland who was a Cornet in Charles II's Life Guard to her own father who ended his days as a Major-General of the Bengal Artillery.

'The Army and India were the flood-gate which really loosed her eloquence—not that she could not talk ninety to the dozen on almost any subject. To her credit she never scandalized or ever said an unkind word about anyone. But G.O.C.s, Inspector Generals of Cavalry, and dashing A.D.C.s of other days really got her going. She had a penchant, too, for all gunners—particularly if they were horse artillery. With them, and the stations

where she had met them, she had held dinner tables reluctantly silent for nearly half a century.

"Sir Ferdinand Frog", she would bellow, "of course I remember him when he was a junior major in 'The Pinks'. They were at 'Ooty' then, and the General's A.D.C. was a dear Hussar with side whiskers. The General of course had been in 'The Fly-by-Nights'. He was—let me think now—oh yes, Archie Rumbold of course. His brother was in the 'Blue Jackets'—but emigrated to Canada. Distressingly tragic".

There was one thing about her, though, which made her the most enigmatic of bores. She would end her stay in somebody's house and depart in a volume of affability and her host would turn to his wife and say: "Now listen to me, Alice—Geraldine is a dear good woman—but I just can't take her any more". Then within three or four months they would both be almost begging her to come and stay again. But there was one extremely grand country house to which, I believe, she never did return; and yet it was undoubtedly the scene of her greatest triumph. It was in Northamptonshire, and she had only been there three or four days when unexpected circumstances saw the Prime Minister of England arrive.

A most select dinner party was arranged, and, bearing in mind Great-aunt Geraldine's passion for words, she was seated as far from the "Great Man" as possible. What the opening gambit was I do not know, but the great man happened to mention India. Thereafter there was no one in it but the Prime Minister and Geraldine. When the ladies ultimately retired the Prime Minister,

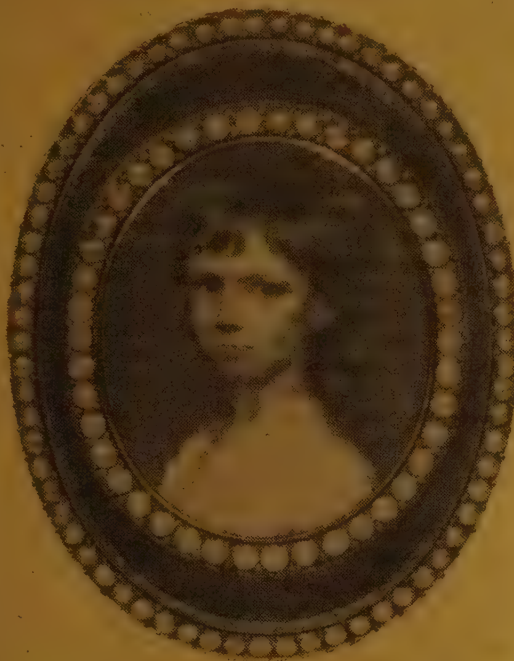
sipping his port, remarked to his host that "rarely in his life had he come across such an astonishingly interesting woman. Her knowledge of India in the past and the conditions of military life there should be a text book for future Viceroys". What his host said afterwards to his wife is not for the microphone.

A GREY-HEN FOR A SHILLING

'Samuel Lyon is one of the last surviving private brewers still left in Lincolnshire but, of course, he is not brewing these days', said WALTER TOYN in *'The Northcountryman'*. 'He was taught the art by his father, who was the brewer at Snarford Hall for nearly forty years. Samuel took up the job at the beginning of the twentieth century and brewed until 1906.

'We could always tell when Sammy was going to have a brewing day. The kitchen of the Hall farm was cleared of all cooking and milking utensils; wooden pails would be scrubbed white; a dozen thirty-six-gallon barrels scalded out, new bungs fitted, and all put in a row to drain. Ladies, sieves, and pannikins were put ready, and the three copper cauldrons polished until they shone like large suns. The first brewing would be made with 140 gallons of crystal-clear water from the spring. When this was completed and drawn off, the used malt and hops would again be scalded with sixty gallons of water to make the "small ale".

'By an unwritten law certain activities of the farm such as harvest, sheep-shearing, dipping, entitled the workers to a supply of free beer. At all other times beer could be bought by them at a penny a pint, and small ale at a shilling for a grey-hen: a grey-hen, by the way, held two gallons. The Irish labourers, who came over for the harvest season, would line up in the morning to fill their water-bottles for the day. On very wet days the six of them would shelter in the barn and console themselves with two grey-hens'.



John Smart's miniature of Miss Marianne Capper (1778), recently sold for 1,000 guineas

The Problem of Evil

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL, O.M.

HAVING now reached an advanced old age, I find that, when I am invited nowadays to give a broadcast or an address of some kind, I am usually expected to be retrospective: to talk about events in which I have taken part, in more than sixty years of public life, or to recall anecdotes about eminent people. But I am not really interested in the past, except as a guide to the present in its most important task—that of making the future. So I am by no means willing to play the part of a link with the quaint and remote days of long ago. I feel myself a contemporary of today. I would rather say with Walt Whitman, 'I stand in my place, with my own day, here'. That is why I have taken as the theme and the title of these talks 'Looking to the Future'.*

I will start with one observation that is obvious and will be generally agreed: that our age is a time of upheaval, political and social, religious and moral. In countries that include one half of the human race the upheaval has been marked by armed violence, by rebellions, civil war, international conflict. Everywhere, in the present century, it has brought great disasters: two world wars, the most widespread and destructive in the history of men; and even now the risk of a third, which the nuclear bomb might make still more terrible. To try to deal with these problems, and to forestall and prevent these catastrophes that menace us—that this is our most urgent duty no one will dispute. My first proposition is that we must take that as the standpoint from which we shall view the future.

No Root Principles

My second proposition—and this is the foundation for all I have to say in these talks—is that the causes of the present troubles and future dangers that afflict this age can all be traced back to the lack of any root principles, generally agreed, in philosophy, in religion, and in politics, both national and international. The whole structure of our civilization is unstable because its foundations are crumbling. Everywhere the old class structure of society has been undermined by the advent of democracy. At the same time the European empires in Asia and Africa are yielding place to independence or to partnership. Most important of all, in religion, the simple faith in the ancient theologies and their sacred writings as the explanation of the universe and the foundation and sanction of morals has been shaken and often destroyed by the impact of modern science.

Civilization has to adjust itself, if it can, to the new conditions. Meanwhile confusion prevails. The ordinary man is often not interested in these high topics. He does not expect to be able to understand them: he expects leadership from the intellectuals—the statesmen, the philosophers, the men of religion. But these, too, are confused, contradicting one another; engaged more in criticisms, negations, refutations, than in the positive work of constructive thought. If there is one point on which mass-opinion appears to be definite and agreed, it is that the present age is mostly concerned not with this world of Ideas but with the world of Things—the material things that we make and use, sell and buy. But the view that I would offer for your consideration is that this attitude is altogether wrong. While recognizing the immense value to mankind of physical science, technology, economics in general, I would submit that it is not anywhere in that world that we may hope to find the solutions of our problems, but in the world of Ideas.

Our first principle must be to realize that men's actions are determined by their ideas. This is so now, always has been so, and always must be. Right ideas are those that lead to good actions. Good actions are those that experience shows will lead to welfare. Wrong ideas lead to bad actions, and bad actions are those that lead to suffering and disaster. I use the word 'welfare' in its widest meaning, to include everything that is worth while:

material welfare certainly, but also intellectual, moral, and spiritual welfare. To discover in what true welfare consists, and to find the ways to attain it—through good conduct in individuals and wise policy in the state—is matter for continuous study, discussion, and argument.

Reopening Ancient Problems

This, we shall find at once, must require the reopening of some of the ancient problems that have for hundreds, or even thousands, of years vexed the minds of men, and which still remain unanswered. But the attempt may be worth making, because the advent of science can open a new line of approach for present-day philosophers. Theology also has become less rigid in its doctrines in an age of wider toleration of religious differences.

I will conclude this first talk with a review of one of those fundamental problems which has again been brought into the forefront. The two world wars, taken together, have undoubtedly been the dominant event of our times. That such a monstrous event should be possible could not fail to be a challenge to all the monotheistic religions. They hold as their basic doctrine the existence of a Divine Providence, transcending the world, yet working within it; a Providence, just and merciful, caring for mankind as a father cares for his children. If that is true, and if God is both omnipotent and benevolent, the question presents itself insistently: if God is Love, why are there wars? This is the gist today of what has always been termed 'the problem of Evil'.

Theologians often give the answer of the Book of Job—so magnificent as a poem, so sterile as a philosophy: the ways of Providence are inscrutable: it is not only impious, it is also absurd, for man, with his intellect knowing so minute a part of all that there is to be known, to dare to sit in judgment upon the Creator of the universe. But to say that a question ought not to be put is not to answer but only to evade it. The philosopher must attempt a different approach.

If he is a realist, he may say, in the first place, that we mislead ourselves when we speak of 'the problem of Evil'. That is to assume the actual existence of a mere abstraction. The imagination then personifies it. We are asked to believe that there has been let loose in the world—for the Hindus a goddess Kali; for the Zoroastrians a deity Ahriman; or the Adversary of the Book of Job, the Devil of medieval Christianity, the Satan of Milton, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe. But all this is myth, is nothingness: and it is difficult to understand how it can be thought that the cause of religion can be advanced by first offering for the worship of mankind an All-Creator who is just and loving, gracious and merciful; and then laying upon him the responsibility for having created also this maleficent Power, to prey upon mankind. For if not by his creation, how did it come to exist?

Two Categories

Putting aside, then, the conception of 'the problem of Evil' as an unreality, we are confronted by 'problems of evil' in the plural—all too many and only too real. Viewing them more closely, we shall do well to recognize in the first place that they must be divided into two kinds, which can only be considered fruitfully if they are separately discussed. One category consists of evils that come upon us from natural causes, the other of those that we bring upon ourselves.

All we are and do, all we enjoy or suffer, depends at bottom on astronomical and terrestrial conditions. The earth that we inhabit is a planet as well as a home. The stage of evolution it has reached as a planet makes it sometimes unsafe as a home. The cooling surface of the globe has not quite settled down. Now

* This is the first of four talks by Viscount Samuel

and then, here and there, an underlying rock stratum slips a little, and up above there is for us a disastrous earthquake. Or a volcano erupts and a city is destroyed. The atmosphere also is in a constant state of flux: climate and weather cause all kinds of misfortunes—hurricanes and cyclones, raging floods, droughts bringing famine; occasionally, for individuals, strokes of lightning. At a different size-level, the lowest forms of life, often our servants, are sometimes our enemies. Microscopic bacteria and viruses are more formidable than the earthquake and the volcano.

But against even some of these natural evils, the energy and ability of man has enabled him to make headway. Gigantic engineering works, harnessing the flood and fructifying the desert, save vast populations from misery. Against storms at sea, we build ships large enough and powerful enough to outride them. We can even grasp the lightning and make it harmless. Greatest of all man's triumphs are those won in the incessant battle against the micro-organisms. Plague and pestilence, and many diseases that had always been the scourge of mankind, have been almost eliminated: there are high hopes that many among

the rest may be conquered soon. Other calamities arising from the character of the planet will indeed still remain, beyond possibility of control. As to those, we can only say, in the concluding words of one of the great Greek tragedies: 'Lament no more: these things are so'.

By far the larger part, however, of the ills that beset us belong to the second category—those that we bring upon ourselves: those that result from our own ignorance or misbehaviour or inactivity, our own follies and errors, vices and crimes. And so we find that the scene has shifted. The so-called 'problem of Evil' is no longer to be seen simply as a problem for theology. It has shifted to ethics and the moral law; and so to the field of practical affairs—to politics, economics, and technology, to social and personal conduct; finally, it involves the responsibility of the individual and his power of choice.

But is that power of choice anything more than an illusion? In actual fact, does the individual carry any real responsibility? Or does modern science require us to substitute a philosophy of Determinism for a philosophy of Free Will? To that fundamental and formidable problem I will turn in my next broadcast.

—General Overseas Service

Marry Forsooth!

MARGARET KENNEDY on conventions in the historical novel

THE past is never quite the past as long as there are still people here who once were there. I do not, for this reason, class as genuine historical novels any written on a period which the author has heard discussed by people who lived through it. I say discussed, because I am not thinking of the freak survival, the very old person who dimly recalls some great event in his childhood: I mean a whole generation who may take differing views, based on personal impressions, as to what happened.

I would not therefore call *War and Peace* or *The Trumpet Major* historical novels. Tolstoy was born only sixteen years after the Moscow campaign. Hardy must have known many people, only in their late fifties, who were past boyhood when the *Victory* sailed. The genuine historical novel takes an imaginative trip into a period which has no longer any place in personal memories.

Our Ancestors and Ourselves

There is at present a vogue for this kind of trip. Writers and readers alike are attracted to the past, perhaps because events since 1914 have affected our view of it. So much that we once thought settled for good now does not appear to be settled at all. Nor do our ancestors strike us as having been so greatly unlike ourselves. What they thought and did seems to have some bearing upon what we think and do.

The historical novel today rather tends to avoid England after the fifteenth century. Difficulties over dialogue may account for this. From 1450 onwards we have a rough sort of idea of the grammar, syntax, vocabulary, and idiom current in successive periods, and this can be a nuisance. The old stencils—'Pardi', 'By my halidame', 'Marry forsooth', 'Zounds', 'Oddsfish', 'La! 'Tis vastly diverting'—have been used so often, and used so badly, that writers fight shy of them. Readers spying them on a page, blench and remember holiday tasks. They are largely responsible for our former impression that our forefathers could not have been entirely real. I believe it was one of Lytton's young gentlemen who asked the way of a lady in the street, and began with: 'Priethee, gentle virgin, as I'll be sworn thou art . . .'. If that was really how they talked, we felt that we had very little in common with them.

A few writers, strongly attracted to these thorny patches of history, try to avoid Wardour Street reach-me-downs by evolving a kind of timeless dialogue, in keeping with the period but free from shop-soiled clichés. This sets them a problem over their own narrative style. Dialogue which makes no attempt at close realism demands a narrative in tune with it, also free from any dated

idiom. H. F. M. Prescott scored a well-known success, in an attempt of this kind, with *A Man on a Donkey*, a novel about the Pilgrimage of Grace. It is a success based upon a good ear for language; not all writers have this, however gifted in other ways.

So that it is scarcely surprising that the majority should prefer the greater freedom offered by a foreign setting, the early Middle Ages, the Dark, Bronze, or Stone Ages, Greece, Rome, Babylon, Byzantium, or the Gobi Desert. For all these one dialogue convention formerly served; it also served Kipling's jungle characters. William the Conqueror, Haroun el Raschid, Pericles, and Kaa the Python all talked like people in the Bible which often meant that they talked exactly like each other. They still do, although the Bible convention has gone by the board. Vikings, Vandals, Incas, Saracens, Alfred the Great, and Admiral de Coligny now talk like each other and like us.

Contemporary vernacular is easier than Bible language to keep up, and it has advantages in liveliness and likelihood. It suggests that these were real people. But it has its own limitations. Bible language was useful whenever it was necessary to make great men talk like great men. The new convention often shackles statesmen, philosophers, and theologians with the idiom of an undergraduates' coffee party, on a level of distinction and intellect no higher than that prevailing in the author's own little set. It is a convention most happily used, perhaps, by writers with a wide and sensitive perception of the great variety of idiom to be heard, even today, among different sorts of people. This perception is obvious in the novels of Harold Lamb and Alfred Duggan, neither of whom would bestow upon Abelard or Aristotle a vernacular which we associate with a highbrow night in the Espresso Bar.

The National Phrase

Those who support the new convention most warmly assert that, however much uncommon men may have differed in their utterances, the common man, of any race, at any period, has always been saying much the same thing. But has this any factual warrant? Is it not dictated by contemporary sentimentality? Common usage, at any time, reflects profound variations in national character and outlook. Take, for instance, the terms in which the ordinary man-in-the-bus expresses his agreement with somebody else's opinion. These vary in implication according to his mother tongue. In France the phrase most often heard, in trams and round market stalls, is: '*Vous avez raison*'. This implies debate. In Germany, the equivalent phrase, *Stimmt!*, suggests rather the vote, the debate settled by a majority decision,

in which reason comes off poorly if held merely by a minority. An Englishman's 'That's right' implies disinclination for debate and a faith in his own opinion so firm that he does not ask what backing he has.

To bestow any one of these phrases upon the slave, the serf, the peasant, the coolie, whatever his period, whatever his race, may be to endow him with a reasonableness, or a timidity, or a self-confidence which he never had. Dialogue may gain by sounding familiar, but it can be wildly false unless some attention is paid to the hue and colouring, the implications, imposed by the original language. This is easier to do in a novel about Christopher Columbus than in one about Noah's Ark, but it is by no means always done, even where it could be done. When it is done the reader gets an impression of race and period, though the dialogue may resemble his own. Miss E. M. Almedingen always conveys this, and Mary Renault's Alexias, in *The Last of the Wine*, never says anything which could not possibly have been said in Greek.

Not every writer who seeks material in the past wants to convey a sense of race and period. Some prefer to ignore both, as obscuring a timeless and permanent view of humanity which it is their object to present. These often regard accurate idiom, whether ancient or modern, as misleading; they prefer a specialized lingo of their own which serves for man, as they see him, anywhere, at any time. Naomi Mitchison, for instance, uses no recognizable vernacular when she makes a Hun slave boy say of another slave: 'He's littler than me'. A boy of any sort who describes another boy as littler than himself is rare. But by attributing even to adults (as she often does) a dialogue reflecting the earnest stammerings of the kindergarten, she presents mankind, down the ages, as a species which has never fully emerged from infancy—a view for which there is much to be said.

Fictitious Autobiography

Another convention is taking shape in the matter of narrative form. Not all literary usages can be called conventions simply because they happen to be popular among writers at a particular moment; the convention sets in when the public begins to expect a usage as a matter of course. It would be going too far to say that the public today expects a historical novel to be written as a fictitious autobiography, but there is an observable disposition to assume that any autobiography is likely to be fiction. An acquaintance of mine, lecturing recently to an audience which had read everything published since 1950 and little else, happened to mention *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. At question time he was asked who wrote them.

As a form it presents few problems. History supplies an unlimited choice of ready-made characters offering dramatic stories. The writer, if he is wise, selects one in a period unfamiliar to the general reader. Having read what history books have to say about this person (a labour which his dust jacket may subsequently describe as research), he can play back as much of it as suits him as *The Confessions of*—for example—Judas Maccabaeus. Suspense and surprise are provided, since few of us were obliged to learn much about Judas Maccabaeus at school. It is an enterprise which demands little save the qualities of a good reporter, although it can be undertaken by writers who bring more to it than this. Nor need style present a problem; the prevailing fashion has established one—that of a fairly well educated, rather pompous, retired man of the world: a British administrator of the old school, a general, or a colonial governor. Although it must not be boring, it is the idiom of the distinguished Club Bore musing upon a lifetime spent in handling men and affairs. He will recall that:

With regard to my prisoners I thought it would make a clean end to the expedition and would also redound to my own personal credit if I were to have them executed immediately at Miletus, where already, as a result of my exploit, I was enjoying the greatest popularity. However, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be more tactful to refer their case to the governor of the Province, from whom also, it seemed to me, I was entitled to receive some consideration and some reward. . . . I had no wish to gain the reputation of a mere uncivilized brigand. . . . Accordingly, when a deputation of surviving citizens came to me and begged me to put a stop to the slaughter, I had no hesitation about granting their request. . . . Pillage by our soldiery presented a less important problem, perhaps, but one which was far more

conspicuous. My popularity was such that I could risk imposition of the most rigorous restriction upon the troops.

He will generalize, a little sententiously, upon the foibles of lesser men:

I have often noticed that people tend to attribute with particular vehemence their own faults to others. . . . Mankind in general shows a profound antipathy to the rigid application of logic, law, or reason when the results are likely to prove distasteful. . . . I was incensed by man's mania for clinging to hypotheses at the expense of facts.

Basic Formula

The foregoing paragraphs have been assembled from passages in three different novels, by different writers, about different celebrities. They share, for pages together, an identical style, presenting the same kind of events with the same detached efficiency. Each, as an isolated specimen, might be impressive. As a group they betray too much of a basic formula. It must be confessed that one is a translation. The original may have suggested more in the way of personal idiosyncrasies and characteristic style.

These are particularly important in the case of a great soldier, since they cast a light on the kind of men he led. The alchemy which turns a mob into a disciplined army varies according to the sort of mob it is. One general may practise it by talking of 'destiny' or 'glory'. Another may do better with: 'Trust in God and keep your powder dry'. A third may say: 'Hit 'em for six!' A fourth may complain that his are not merely 'the worst troops he has ever met or heard of, but the worst he's even read about'. These four might have had another story to tell, had they been obliged to command one another's armies. Their personal idiom has been occasionally reflected in what they wrote. Wellington, in his scribbled Waterloo messages, always spelt Men with a capital M. This was not common usage and is revealing. It is the kind of oddity liable to be ironed out by the Club Celebrity style. A few unexpected capitals, pet words, or linguistic prejudices might help us to distinguish between the confessions of Judas Maccabaeus and those of Gustavus Adolphus.

Although no form has ever demanded less from an author in the way of originality or imagination, it is attractive for obvious reasons. It brings us into the company of uncommon men, which novels about contemporary life seldom offer to do. It provides a better story than most novelists can manage to make up. It also provides action and a background of public life, which is a pleasant change from purely domestic novels where nothing much happens until the characters retire for the night. When the convention palls, time will ultimately sort out and grade these books. It will distinguish between those writers who have adopted the form as a screen for imaginative deficiency, and those who used it as the foundation of a creative structure. Most of them appear, just now, to be readable. From few, perhaps, shall we go on demanding more for long.

No Dodging the Armada

The ready-made story, from history or legend, can be more of a menace to the gifted writer than to his duller colleagues. Sooner or later a moment comes when we know what we shall hear next. We are playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe: there is now no dodging the Armada. We dance at the Duchess of Richmond's ball: what a pity that we know who won that battle tomorrow! Can we trust the author to be a Stendhal and to give us a Waterloo nobody else could devise? We are less likely to feel this depression if he has given us no cause to think him a Stendhal, has cast no spell, persuading us for a while to forget how much we know.

For this reason the categorical event is more of a threat, perhaps, to Miss Mary Renault than to others less gifted. In *The Last of the Wine* she dodges, with great skill, the death of Socrates. But in *The King Must Die* she cannot dodge Naxos. All the early part of the book, Eleusis, Crete, the life of the bull court, the plots for escape, the earthquake, and the collapse of a thousand-year-old civilization, has been told with such compelling force that the reader believes it implicitly. He is convinced that so it was; he hardly notices the explanations for old myths offered: the sacrifice of boys and girls, the true pedigree of the Minotaur, the Labyrinth, and Ariadne's thread. But, once away from Crete, Naxos looms up as something inevitably next on the

agenda—a place to which Theseus is now obliged to go, and where he will be obliged to abandon his *Potnia Theron*, because we have always been told that he did. What will Miss Renault tell us which may give grounds for a later legend that a god had taken a fancy to her? We take notice, in fact, of what Miss Renault is doing. She does it with brilliant ingenuity.

But this rare quality gives most pleasure when it comes as a last course in the banquet, when we perceive it fully after we have finished a book and are musing upon its diversity of merit. Should it obtrude too soon it spoils the flavour of earlier courses. For those who have it not, the ready-made story need have fewer terrors. It is testimony to the response which Miss Renault secures that her readers can get moments of trepidation.

Alfred Duggan skirts these danger points by presenting a period from the view of somebody a little out of touch with it, behind his own times. This soothes the reader's unrest at being so much in front of them, and throws upon all events, foreseen and unforeseen, a fresh and unexpected light. Mr. Duggan does not persuade us to forget how much we know; he reminds us that after all we know little. Comedy is the medium through which he presents history as a tragic enigma. But, since he likes to make his readers laugh, he runs a risk of being misunderstood by those who expect truth to pull a long face. There is a sharp difference of opinion as to whether he

is, or is not, the best English historical novelist now writing.

There is, finally, a battle in the offing over historical accuracy. Two groups are forming which may soon be at loggerheads. One insists on straight history, abhors anachronisms, supplies an impressive bibliography at the end of the novel, and demands that King John should sign Magna Carta with the right kind of pen. The other maintains that he can sign it with a Biro, if he signs it at all, since it is all fiction. This outrageous suggestion shocks professional historians less than it shocks other novelists, who feel that all the conscientious reading which they did before unlocking their typewriters ought to count for something. The professional historians sometimes take the line that if you make anything up (which is in their trade absolutely tabu) you may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Many of them express admiration for T. H. White's *The Sword in the Stone*, an extreme example of the King-John-with-a-Biro treatment of the past.

But between fantasy and straight history there is a debatable ground over which a battle must sometime be fought. What laws, if any, forbid novelists to do anything they please with the past? Historians will doubtless be called in; I do not believe it is certain which side they will take. It will be an interesting and fruitful controversy, for it will raise a number of questions concerning the nature and functions of the novel.—*Third Programme*

No Poetry in Railways

By NORMAN NICHOLSON

LET me tell you about one of my favourite Cumberland landscapes. It is seen from a ridge, looking down. The ridge itself is in the shape of a horse-shoe, enclosing a small valley, and the land falls away steeply in screes of red rubble—the red showing through the green of the bracken. Along the top there is a wall, that pours over the edge of the ridge like a stone waterfall and seems to be engulfed into the soil below like Niagara into its gorge. There is a tarn at the foot of the slope, black as the moorhens that swim across it—one side of it completely bare, with the red screes slithering right into the water, and the other side, in spring, frothing with hawthorn, and, in autumn, yellow with the ragmat of the willows.

That scene is not to be found round Skiddaw or in Upper Eskdale. It is the pumping station at Hodbarrow Mines, in the south of the county, where the sea-wall collapsed as the land caved in over the old workings. The soil is red because of the iron-ore; the water is black because of tar and cinders. And among the willows and the wild straw-

berries there are little ghylls that once carried mineral lines, and becks running red as blood, and old iron girders rusting in the bracken which itself rusts for eight months of the year. W. H. Auden once said that his ideal scenery was in the Midlands:

Clearer than Scafell Pike my heart has stamped on
The view from Birmingham to Wolverhampton.

But here at Hodbarrow we can see Scafell Pike, too—on the skyline, beyond the pitheads and the battleship-funnels of the blast furnaces.

For in the north of England the new scenery of industry is found side by side with the old scenery of mountains and the sea. Sometimes, as in the iron-ore mines, we find a kind of parody of that old scenery: new hills and dales and gullies created as by an earthquake. In Durham the conical pikes of the colliery tips still stand right on the very brink of those wooded denes which once made this the most umbrageous of the northern counties. While, in other places, industry has not so much modified the landscape as invented a new one, or, rather, invented a new architecture to set



'The new scenery of industry... side by side with the old': a colliery in Cumberland seen across a cornfield

J. Allan Cash



'Oast-houses of the Potteries, where they roast tea-cups instead of hops': kilns at Stoke-on-Trent

upon it—the oast-houses of the Potteries, where they roast tea-cups instead of hops; or the huge spiderweb derricks of Tyneside.

So the landscape which took shape in the north during the nineteenth century was just what might have appealed to the romantic poet. It was spectacular; it was dramatic; it was charged with social significance. Yet the poets largely ignored it. Wordsworth—who was born on the edge of an iron-mining district, and whose favourite uncle lived in the colliery town of Whitehaven—turned his back on industry. And the poets who came after him followed his example. They found the new age strange, barbarous, and rather frightening. For 3,000 years poetry had drawn much of its imagery from nature and the countryside; unlike Adam and Eve, the poets had not really been turned out of the Garden of Eden. So that this nature imagery carried associations and memories as an old tree carries ivy. In contrast, the new imagery offered by the industrial society carried no such associations. It came bare of any tradition. It had to make its impact without the aid of echoes from earlier ages and earlier poetry. Most of the nineteenth-century poets were completely bewildered by the new machine age. When Tennyson, in a mood of optimism, turned to the railway for a symbol of progress he gave away the fact that he thought the wheels of the carriages ran in grooves:

Not in vain the distance beacons.
Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever
down the ringing grooves of
change.

But there were others better informed than Tennyson, and just as optimistic. Charles Mackay, for instance. 'No Poetry in Railways' he wrote in 1846:

No Poetry in Railways, foolish
thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music
wrought . . .
Lay down your rails, ye nations,
near and far—
Yoke your full trains to Steam's
triumphal car.

I quote these lines from a most entertaining anthology, called *The Industrial Muse**, which has been

compiled by Mr. Jeremy Warburg. This collection contains twenty-three poems about railways, together with several more about paddle steamers, the steam pump, the telegraph, electric light, and the threshing machine. And from these we can see how the poet's attitude changed as the century moved on. His first reaction was either one of a rather naïve horror or of an equally naïve enthusiasm:

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!
They make Utopia only half a dream.

But gradually the poets became accustomed to the machine, just as birds nesting near a railway became accustomed to the passing trains. Edward Thomas wrote one of his best-known poems about a country railway station, while John Betjeman can write of the later developments of rail travel with the kind of sentiment which is usually kept for stage coaches on Christmas cards:

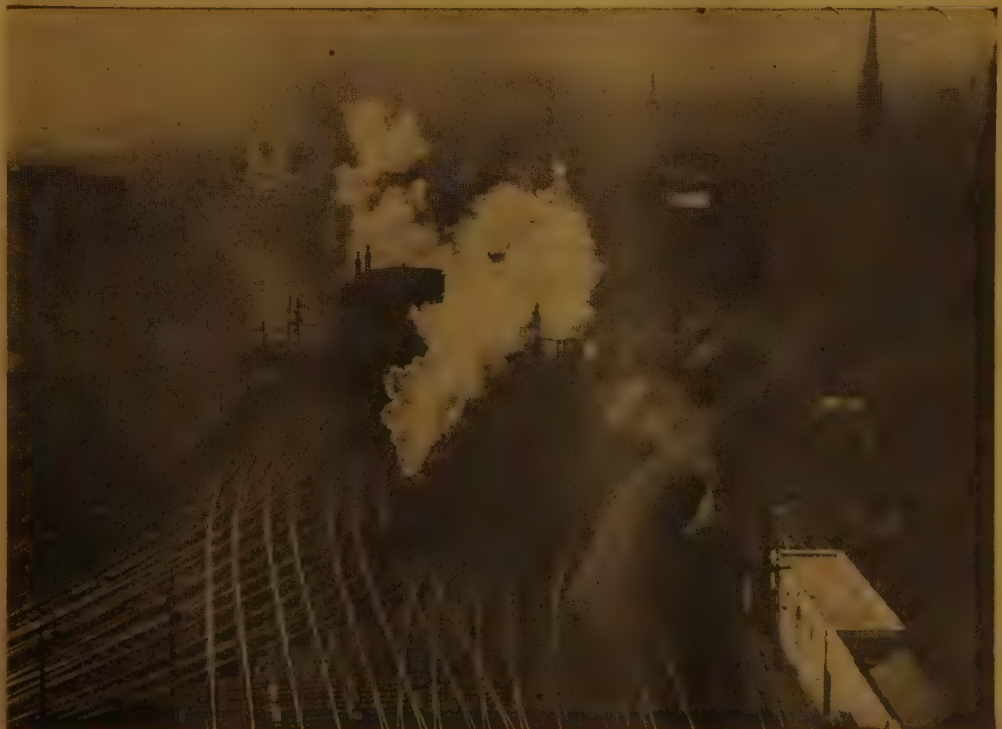
When melancholy Autumn comes to Wembley
And electric trains are lighted after tea
The poplars near the Stadium are trembly
With their tap and tap and whispering to me.

A hundred years ago, John Ruskin protested against the opening of the Foxfield to Coniston branch line in north Lancashire. In 1958 the Friends of the Lake District protested against its closure. And when that protest failed—as most protests of that kind usually do fail—scores of people turned up on the train's last day to make a nostalgic final trip to Coniston and back. I was one of them myself. So the railway, which had once seemed the destroyer of the countryside—

. . . a furnace upon wheels
Like a mad bull, tail up in air . . .

—this same mad bull has now come to look agreeably tame and familiar, a fit companion for cows and corduroys. The 'Little Red Engine' and the 'Train that Could' have become part of the fairy-tale world of the suburban child, and as for T. S. Eliot's *Practical Cats*, one of them actually lives on the railway.

I do not want to pretend that the affection which people feel for railways is usually extended to other features of industry. I have yet to hear of a Society for the Preservation of Old Slag-banks or of a popular children's story about a Little Blue Conveyor Belt. But the sentimentalism of the railway enthusiast and the nursery rhyme is only one of the ways in which people can turn their back on reality while seeming to look it in the face.



Outside Central Station, Newcastle upon Tyne

There is also what I would call the cult of the picturesque in the industrial scene—the aesthetic enjoyment of its visual aspect without a thought for what it means in terms of human lives. It is easy, in fact, to appreciate the charm of squalor when you have not got to live in it.

As it happens, there had been rather a similar case once before. From the time of ancient Greece, poets had been telling of the delights of country life. But very few of the poets, and very few of the readers of poetry, had had any experience at all of the real work of the countryman—work like hoeing turnips and mucking out the cowshed. So that in the eighteenth century, when the people who did those jobs were for the first time learning to read they found that the picture presented by pastoral and romantic poetry was almost entirely false. It was full of pretty pictures, but it ignored the poverty, the disease, and the back-breaking labour which made up ninety per cent. of country life as the countryman knew it.

That is what was wrong with much of the poetry of the nineteen-thirties—the poetry of the so-called 'Pylon Poets'. Coming, as they mostly did, from the comfort of a middle-class childhood and schooling, they found the industrial scene novel and exciting. Stephen Spender gurgled like a first-former over express trains and aerodromes. Cecil Day Lewis called on gasometers to celebrate the birth of his first child. While Birmingham seemed surprisingly colourful to Louis MacNeice after his native Ireland:

On all the traffic-islands stand white globes like moons,
The city's haze is clouded amber that purrs and croons,
And tilting by the noble curve bus after tall bus comes
With an osculation of yellow light, with a glory like chrysanthemums.

There is, of course, real virtuosity in those lines. And there is observation. Buses, lit at night, do look rather like chrysanthemums—though less so, I imagine, when you have to queue for them at half-past-six on a wet, winter morning. Yet I cannot but feel that here MacNeice was indulging in the picturesque; that he was allowing himself the pleasure of a little beauty-mongering; that he was trying to squeeze the last drop of poetry out of that street, without stopping to think what it meant to the people who lived there. So that, in spite of his much more sophisticated language, his attitude to the industrial scene is not very different from that of the Victorian poet I quoted earlier. 'No Poetry in Railways' has merely become: 'No poetry in buses or lorries or diesel engines or pneumatic drills'.

There undoubtedly is poetry in all these things, but it is not an obvious poetry. It does not reveal itself to those who are always

on the look-out for it. It reveals itself, more often, to those who do not think about it too much, who take it for granted, as a countryman takes for granted the blackthorn in the hedge or the birds in the garden. The trouble with most of the 'Pylon Poets'—with the honourable exception of W. H. Auden—is that to them industry was still too much of a new thing. They turned to it hoping to find a whole stock of brand-new images which no poet had ever used before.

But to millions of men the industrial scene is not at all brand new. It is thickly encrusted with the social history of the last 150 years. It carries the scars of slump and exploitation as visibly as a farm shows signs of drought or bad husbandry:

Smokeless chimneys, damaged bridges, rotting wharves and choked canals.
Tramlines buckled, smashed trucks lying on their side across the rails.

For as distinct from the mass-city, with its vast monotony, the industrial scene is full of variety. Each place retains its own character. Just as woodland and ploughland proclaim the nature of the soil, so mines and shipyards proclaim the nature of the work by which men live. In an industrial town a man can see the badges of his trade set up with a kind of grimy pride right across the landscape. Instead of being, as the romantics thought, empty of tradition, the landscape of industry is stamped, signed, and countersigned with human meaning.

That is what the poets who have recently emerged in the north seem intuitively to understand. I might mention James Kirkup from South Shields, Ted Hughes from Mexborough, Donald Davie from Barnsley, a group of poets centred on Manchester, and—for the sake of geographical symmetry—Norman Nicholson in Cumberland. Not that these poets write about the industrial scene all the time. Often, I suspect, they take their background so much for granted that they scarcely notice whether it is industrial or not. But they all know that they cannot just pick up the images of industry and play with them as if they were merely a box of new tricks. They are not tricks—they are symbols of the way men live. For, in the end, the poetry of industry which really matters is not about railways or buses or aeroplanes or factories or steelworks. It is about men.

The hunger of a hundred thousand lives
Aches into brick and iron, the pain
Of generations in continual childbirth
Throbs through the squirming smoke, and love and need
Runs molten into the cold moulds of time.

—North of England Home Service

Two Poems

West Coast Style

I

The young men howl to the moon with horns
As couples tread the purple lawns
And beaches under bobbing lights,
Drink black coffee, Music for nights
By surf, music to make you cry.
Cleaning its wrists, the fly
Frowns into the evening's core
And the warm wind blows over the shore.
The black stick and the golden swan,
Intruding, dip and grunt, go on
To banter. Hair falls over their faces.
Ladies in evening gowns by places
White beneath the hanging stars
Step laughing from their open cars.

II

At the most tender part, a song
Of immortal passion, a long
Aria of love, it will occur:
The lights and quivering voices blur,
The vision crackle, as a pond
Crackles when skaters waltz beyond

The safer ice, and once again
Cease or stagger off the plane
Of simple music. So one fears.
The noises get too savage, tears
Start, notes falter and the sound
Sobs, refuses to go round:
The slender record has unwound.

JOHN FULLER

The Solitudes

Just as I used
to wear your old sweater
Preferring the rag that was yours
because it was yours
to anything that was mine,

So now I wrap myself
within this loneliness
Preferring this fact and its cause
because it is yours
to any dream that was mine.

RONALD DUNCAN

Henry Moore and Sir Joshua Reynolds

By QUENTIN BELL

THE Hatton Gallery of King's College, Newcastle, having recently doubled its size by obtaining two handsome new apartments, is celebrating its enlargement with a notable exhibition of the work of Henry Moore. The visitor approaches the new gallery by way of the old and, arriving at the point where he debouches into the collection of Moore's work, is greeted by a plaster model for the draped reclining figure on the Time-Life Building; there being no room for it in the exhibition it stands before a large Reynolds portrait. The juxtaposition, though it may not have been intended, is profoundly interesting. Both artists are exerting a great part of their strength, the Reynolds is a good one, the Moore one of his very best; and despite the difference of intention and idiom, there is no clash but rather a profound sympathy between the two works. Both artists have made a serious and sympathetic study of a female figure and in each there is a gently arrested movement. But there is more to it than that; one feels, or at least I feel, that Reynolds and Moore are in some degree artists of the same kind and that their aims, despite obvious differences, are in some ways alike.

A clue to the nature of this surprising affinity may be found in the adjoining rooms where there are about forty other works by Moore. Most of these sculptures are recent and a number of them will be familiar from photographs; needless to say, the photographs do not represent them, and no one who lives within reasonably easy range of Newcastle can be forgiven for not coming to see them (the exhibition ends on December 16). The sinister, mutilated 'Warrior and Shield', the 'King and Queen', the 'Animal Head' of 1951, a maquette for the Time-Life screen, the 'Family Group' of 1946 can all be seen in the round and as different from the photographs we know as a living man is from a corpse.

The impression one gains is of a crowd of people, which is not, I think, the impression received in a room filled with works by Gibson or Chantrey: a marble facsimile looks dead by reason of its verisimilitude, whereas the work of Moore has acquired an independent vitality from the hand of its maker. 'The human figure', Moore once wrote, 'is what interests me most deeply', and of course it has been the abiding interest of sculptors ever since men first began to make magic; it has also been the favourite theme of academic theorists. They would agree with Moore also that literal imitation is the beginning and not the end of art. Here, it may be thought, the accordance ends, for in no ordinary sense do Moore's translations of nature tend towards idealization. Nevertheless, the parallel may be pushed a little further, for like Reynolds, or rather, like Reynolds's ideal painter, Moore reconstructs in conformity with an aesthetic conception, and that conception is of a classical, not a gothic kind. He looks for generalized forms, shapes which, though irregular, tend towards regularity and harmonious rhythms, spheroids, rectangles, and all their attendant figures, patterns which are of an Italian rather than a northern character.

I think that Henry Moore's almost purely abstract manner of

the late 'thirties led him to make experiments of great value to him, for although I do not think that the sculpture of this period has anything like the imaginative richness and power of his more recent work (the air-raid drawings of the war years mark the change and were, I suspect, of climacteric importance in his development as an artist), those exercises in forms of an almost musical purity were of the greatest service in teaching him to control a related series of shapes. If one examines any one of these later figurative works one can see how each member grows in a state of rhythmic familiarity with the whole and how the design will compose and recompose itself in a perfectly harmonious

fashion when viewed from different angles (the skillfully concerted arrangements of Giovanni da Bologna behave in exactly the same way).

Starting, as it would seem, from one salient point of interest—the angularity of an elbow, the enormous rotundity of a buttock—Moore restructures the human body with an air of cogent inevitability. The public has been shocked by his readiness, in this process, to convert a positive into a negative, to use a bowl to express a dome, or to translate material bulk into cavernous emptiness. More shocking or, at least, more disquieting are his brutal simplifications

of the extremities of the person. These deformations are by no means a new thing in sculpture, but in Moore's work they are peculiarly disturbing. There is no suggestion here of a decorative convention, no clean break to show that the sculptor has, so to speak, come to the margin of his picture; there is simply a pathetic, stumpy termination of the limb. It should be added that the least appreciative visitor is likely to find, when confronted by the actual works, that his distaste vanishes when he is able to appreciate the formal reasons for these curtailments.

Nevertheless, it seems inevitable that Henry Moore should arouse hostility as well as admiration. He is too considerable an artist not to give life to his images, and in so doing he makes it impossible for us not to consider them with sympathy. We are his subjects and, in his work, we find ourselves remoulded, abbreviated and disembowelled. The intention is not, I think, either satirical or didactic, or if it is, then that intention has been made to conform exactly with an aesthetic purpose, and it is this—the remaking of man upon a coherent principle of beauty—that gives all his work its strength, its authority and its quality of design.

Thus, by an unfamiliar path, the statuary returns to the ancient purpose of the academicians, it recreates nature upon a principle of abstract beauty. Nor is this all, for there is in Moore's sculpture an indefinable but evident sense of tragedy. He provides the monuments of an unwritten history, the totems of an unknown God. As Félibien puts it:

... Il faut par des compositions allégoriques, sçavoir couvrir sous le voile de la fable les vertus des grands hommes, et les mysteres le plus relevez.

Is it then surprising that there appears to be a secret understanding between the least 'academic' of modern sculptors and the first President of the Royal Academy?



'Reclining Figure No. 4' (1954-55), by Henry Moore: from the exhibition at the Hatton Gallery of King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne

Me and Lillian Gish

By SEWELL STOKES

ABSURD though it may seem, I like to think that I was the first film fan. At any rate, I am convinced that no one, after his first visit to a cinema, has ever been as thrilled as I was, at the age of seven. The year was 1909, and my mother had taken me to see what was called the Bioscope Tea. This was a small affair compared with today's super cinemas. It stood in Piccadilly, just about opposite the Burlington Arcade. For the price of a shilling, I think it was, you enjoyed a show lasting an hour and a half, made up of silent, flickering one-reelers, accompanied by a lady playing the piano. After that, without extra charge, you could also have a cup of tea and a biscuit. The tea—I cannot think why—was served by waitresses dressed as geishas, with coloured paper chrysanthemums in their hair. Altogether it made a jolly afternoon's entertainment: and a pretty exciting one, too.

The excitement was provided by a cowboy picture featuring 'Broncho Billy', an early forerunner of such silent Western stars as Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and William S. Hart. Broncho Billy, hotly pursued by outlaws, suddenly came to a pond, and plunging beneath the surface of the water remained hidden there until his pursuers had passed him by. Then he slowly reappeared with the glass tube in his mouth through which he had been breathing while submerged. This trick fascinated me, and in the bath that night I insisted on imitating it. With the result that I nearly expired. Nevertheless, I became much attached to Westerns after that, and was often taken to see them.

There was, however, one small snag about these pictures so far as I was concerned. Naturally, a good deal of shooting took place in them; and in those days certain cinemas—though not all of them—used sound-effects to synchronize with the action on the screen. So that sometimes, when the gun in the picture went off, a gun in the auditorium went off too, making a terrific bang. I was a somewhat nervous child, and waiting for the moment to arrive when one of these bangs might occur gave me the jitters. So my fond mother, before taking me inside, used always to inquire at the box-office if they went in for bangs at that particular cinema, and only took me to those where complete silence reigned.

Of these silent houses, one was the Electric Palace at Marble Arch which was later pulled down to make way for a large restaurant. But although the sound of gunfire was never heard within its walls, it was here that my tiresome nervous system was so badly disturbed, as the result of watching a fifteen-minute drama called 'The Sealed Room', that my parents decided I had better not visit any more cinemas for a while. It was a costume picture, set, so far as I can recall, in medieval Italy. This was the plot:

An Italian prince learned that his young wife had fallen passionately in love with one of the court musicians. He learned also that the two of them met secretly in a certain room of the palace, overlooking the gardens. Here the musician played to his lady love on the mandolin, while she—as I shall never forget—playfully pelled him with roses. This state of affairs, the jealous prince

decided, must be put a stop to at once. So he gave orders to some stone-masons to brick up the entrance to the room while one of these romantic assignations was actually in progress; and this they straightway did. How was it, you may well ask, that the lovers did not hear the stone-masons at work? For one thing, a heavy curtain was drawn across the entrance from the gardens; and, for another, the sound of the mandolin apparently drowned the sound of the bricklaying. I should add that the moment their task was completed the masons were all beheaded. Anyway, a moment arrived when it occurred to the lovers that the room had become

uncommonly stuffy. To let in some fresh air the musician threw aside the curtain—and to his astonishment and horror, was confronted not by a view of the gardens but by a flat brick wall!

It was then that the big dramatic scene took place. No detail was spared of the wretched lovers, trapped in their tomb, slowly gasping towards their last breath. They began by calling out and battering at the wall with their bare fists; gradually weakness overcame them; they clutched at their throats and rolled their eyes in agony. Finally they fell to the floor, where they were seen, before the fade-out, to be as dead as a couple of doormats. I was dreadfully upset after seeing it, and woke up in the night feeling suffocated. And, as I said, visits to the cinema were forbidden.

But by the time I was twelve the magic of the films had me completely under its spell, and regularly every Saturday afternoon I went to the Bijou Cinema in the Finchley Road, at Hampstead, nearly always staying to see the programme round twice. It is unlikely that any boy of twelve nowadays gets the tremendous kick out of going to the cinema

that I got all those years ago. To me, the Bijou Cinema was a magic cave of darkness, at the far end of which a whole world of romance and adventure came vividly to life, for the price of sixpence. Leaving behind the familiar streets of London, so dreary by comparison, and finding oneself suddenly transplanted into the midst of a jungle, or hitting the sunset trail, or racing in a train—on top of it, very often—through the forests of California, was in those days miraculous as well as thrilling. And to follow week by week the adventures of strong, silent heroes and beautiful blonde heroines was sheer bliss.

My favourite heroine was a wistful girl with a rosebud mouth and large dreamy eyes. She was beautiful and had about her a frail, spiritual quality that set her far apart from the others. From my earliest visits to the cinema I had been in love with her. I had worshipped her from afar: she was a goddess, set on a very high pedestal indeed. And her name was Lillian Gish. Another great favourite of mine was Mary Pickford, known as the World's Sweetheart. I admired Mary; but I loved Lillian. Mary was always a tomboy, well able to look after herself. But Lillian was fragile, unworldly, and always in need of protection. How I envied those fortunate actors whose job it so often was to save her, in the nick of time, from a fate worse than death! An early film of Lillian Gish's that made a deep impression, and more than



'A wistful girl with a rosebud mouth and large dreamy eyes':
Lillian Gish in *The White Sister*

ever endeared her to me, was called *The Besieged Blockhouse*. In this she found herself locked in a wooden house that had been set on fire by Red Indians. There was a close-up of her at one of the windows, almost going mad with fright. I had never seen such acting before, seasoned filmgoer though I was. I never forgot it.

One day my father came into my bedroom and stared at the walls with marked disapproval. In one hand he held my school report. The walls were covered with pin-ups cut from a film magazine. The school report said that I did not concentrate upon my work sufficiently. The outcome of these two facts was that my film-going sessions had once more to cease. Visits to the Bijou Cinema on Saturday afternoons were out. Instead I was ordered to go for nice healthy bicycle rides on Hampstead Heath, where the fresh air would presumably blow away all thoughts of the stars whose captivating personalities were seducing me from my studies. On my return from these supposedly beneficial outings, my parents always cheerfully remarked upon the splendid colour I had. How good it was for me to be out of doors, they said, cycling round the White Stone Pond and along the country roads of Highgate. Poor dears, they little knew that my flushed cheeks owed nothing to the winds of heaven, but were the direct result of having sat in the front row at the Maida Vale picture palace, my bicycle firmly padlocked outside.

For many months this deception was kept up; until, in fact, I was fourteen, and went to boarding school. The years went by, and when the film industry expanded and reached almost an equal footing with the theatre, Miss Gish certainly came into her own. Fragile in appearance she still remained, and no less spiritually beautiful. She was now acclaimed by professional critics like George Jean Nathan in New York, and James Agate in London. She was the star of such outstanding productions as *The Birth of a Nation*, *Orphans of the Storm*, *Broken Blossoms*, *Way Down East* and *The White Sister*. Many times I saw her in these famous films; and loved her in them, too. But somehow she never moved me in them quite as emotionally as she had done in *The Besieged Blockhouse*, when I had felt the tears pricking my eyes as I watched her at that window, fearful of the Red Indians surrounding her and of the flames leaping up in all directions. It may have been that in those early days she seemed to belong more to me, was a part of my boyish dream of romance: but afterwards she belonged to the world at large, as all film stars do.

In 1938 I visited America for the first time and stayed in New York for some months, and I made a list of the stars of the silent screen that I hoped I might have an opportunity of meeting. It would be wonderfully nostalgic, I thought, actually to face in real life those heroines who had meant so much to me as a small boy. I would be able to thank them for the hours of pleasure they had given me, and no doubt they, too, would enjoy recalling the glorious days of their own youth. Naturally, at the top of my list was Lillian Gish's name. I soon managed to get an introduction to her. She asked me to dine at her flat, and as I walked up Fifth Avenue I walked on air. In a way it was like a dream coming true: something one has never believed possible was about to happen. In a few minutes' time I would be in the presence of that frail girl with the rose-bud mouth and dreamy eyes whose loveliness and talent had so intensely occupied my thoughts as her shadow passed across the screens of little cinemas



Lillian Gish in a scene from *Broken Blossoms*

in London, before the first world war.

Into a candle-lit room, Lillian Gish stepped to greet me, a smile of welcome on her delicately rounded face. She had changed remarkably little from the young girl I had once worshipped, yet she was different; there was a quiet assurance about her that no longer made you feel she was in need of protection. We talked for a while and presently her sister Dorothy joined us. I stayed late that evening, and it cannot be said that I did not enjoy myself tremendously. But not in quite the way I had hoped. It was a gay evening, and I had rather looked forward to a sentimental one. After

dinner I mentioned *The Besieged Blockhouse*, and told Lillian what an effect it had on me. She looked a trifle blank, I thought. I told her how she had made me cry. There was a short silence then, after which she said: 'The curious thing is, you know, that I haven't the slightest recollection of ever making such a film', and she added, 'But that's not surprising, really, because we often made those little pictures in a single day, and forgot about them as soon as they were made'.

Then, being an American, Lillian talked of what she intended to do in the future: so much more important than the past. She was a stage star now, and had recently played Ophelia to John Gielgud's *Hamlet*. But, listening to her, I doubted if she would ever be loved in the future as devotedly as she had been loved in the past, by a small boy sitting in the sixpennies at the Bijou Cinema, Hampstead, on Saturday afternoons—long, long ago.

—Home Service

The Takeover

The gardener's dead. Long live the wilderness.
Roses, lacking the necessary cuts,
Have scrambled to inflation. Hybrids revert,
Or perish, wanting the clinic care of him
Whose genius seeped through his green fingers. Bed
And border now are one, and both grow rank
From seed the wind and not the gardener scatters,
Whose modest art was only how to keep
Untidiness at bay, waging each hour
Unprofitable war against the sun.

Stealthily now the weeds are moving in,
The knowing ones, blue-eyed veronica,
The not so modest daisy, thriftless thistle,
Whatever thrives on what it does without.
And aiding and abetting come the birds,
Tip-and-run raiders in from field and wood,
The no-ways nice, the get it how you can,
Bully jay with the shifty look and the quick
Manoeuvre, brazen finch armed to the beak,
Sure in his bones he'll get away with it,
All brisk outsiders joyously made free
Of envied territory, till wings like petals
Charm the day, dazzling the rainbow air,
Fairer than anything his skills could muster
Whose art's undone, whose love's returned unwanted.

C. HENRY WARREN



Wherever Christmas is truly kept

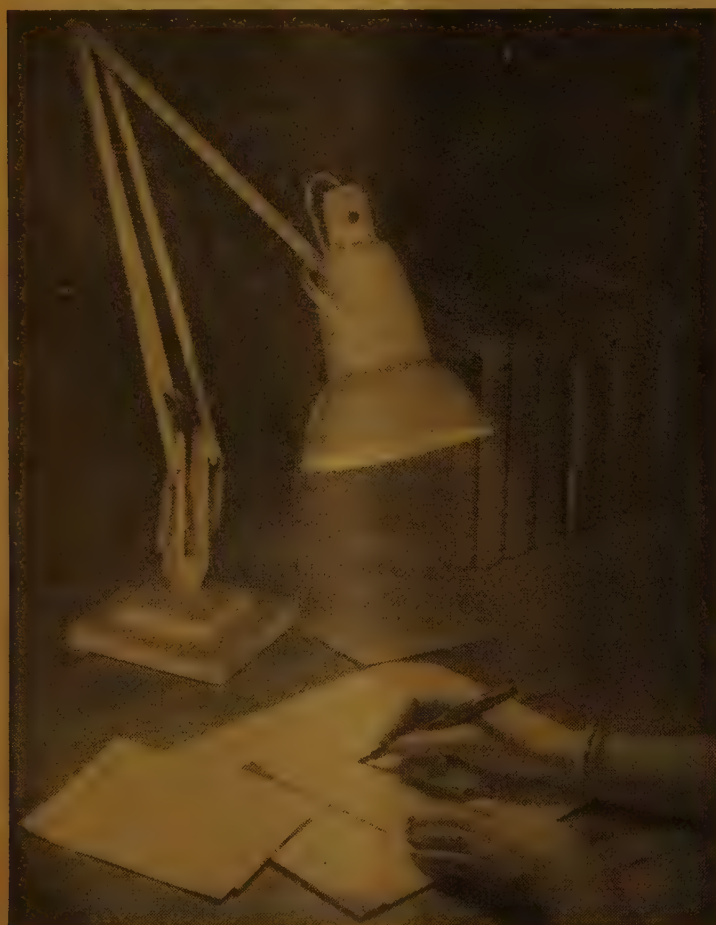
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Tuesday.

Dear Mummy and Daddy.

We always find it a problem what to give you for Christmas. This year, Tom and I thought we'd try to be different. So, an Anglepoise. We think you'll like it - and use it! (I'm doing so at this moment!) It's marvellous how, at a finger touch, you can move it any way you like. Tom says it's all to do with springs and balance or something. Anyway, it's yours, and have a good Christmas.

Love from us both

Sally

P.S. If you would prefer to have it - the lamp I mean - in any other colour, the man in the shop said there's six to choose from. Cream and gold like this one, cream, red, green, yellow or black. Sounds like an advertisement, doesn't it?

PRICE?
FROM 977

Party Political Broadcast

'The Britain We Want'

By the Rt. Hon. HUGH GAITSKELL, C.B.E., M.P., Leader of the Labour Party

DURING the last few days* we've all been concerned about Mr. Khrushchev's new line on Berlin. He's proposed that both Russian and Western forces should withdraw; that the city could then be unified and given a special so-called 'free' status. I do not think we should accept this proposal. If Berlin were cut off from the West, and surrounded, as it would be, by East Germany under a Communist dictatorship, the city would not remain free for long. The Communists could seize power within an hour or two, and it would be too late to do anything about it. No wonder the people of West Berlin themselves have reacted so strongly against the proposal. But it's not enough just to say 'No'. The division of Berlin, thirteen years after the war, is absurd; and so, for that matter, is the division of Germany itself. I should like to see Great Britain and the West putting forward proposals for German reunification and for reducing tension in Europe, now—before the next crisis comes along. And I believe that this would be the best answer to the latest Russian move.

It was not, however, my intention to devote this broadcast to foreign policy. Earlier this week the Labour Party produced a new pamphlet, *The Future Labour Offers You*, setting out, in summary form, our policies on the great questions of the day. The pamphlet has been well received: indeed, it's a best seller. It was described by *The Times* as an example to us all, in vivid, cogent, political journalism. The *Daily Mirror* called it the most striking political pamphlet ever produced. Even the *Daily Express* described it as a fine bargain, though I must admit they went on in much less complimentary style. They didn't like our policy, and it is about the policy that I want to talk tonight.

Let me first take up some controversial issues. For example, our proposal that local authorities should buy up and modernize the older rented houses. Why do we want to do this? If you look at the houses people live in today you can see that there are broadly three kinds. You may own your own house. That's fine: it means you take an interest in keeping it properly repaired, and you make your own improvements. We should like many more people to own their own houses, and we intend to help them to do so; not only by making it easier to borrow, in suitable cases up to the full value of the house, but also by keeping down interest rates.

Then there are council houses. They're mostly new and modern—people like them. In almost every city there's a long waiting list for them. Right—we say the councils should go on trying to meet this demand, and we shall help them to do it.

Then there's the third group—those who live in older property, most of it over fifty years old, owned by private landlords. I don't mean the slum houses. They've got to come down, and the people have got to be rehoused, and the sooner the better. No, the houses I mean are quite good, solid affairs, and will last for twenty or thirty years more.

I happen to be broadcasting from Leeds, where my constituency is, and here in this city there is street after street of these older rented houses, lacking, almost all of them, the modern amenities which the rest of us take for granted—bathrooms, indoor toilets, decent kitchens, and so on. And it isn't only just Leeds. The latest available figures tell us that there are 7,000,000 families without bathrooms; 3,000,000 without toilets of their own, and 1,000,000 in which women have to share the kitchen sink. This is surely an intolerable situation, and it's simply to get rid of this situation that we want the councils to buy and modernize the older houses. There's no hope of the landlords doing such a tremendous job.

I don't, frankly, understand why there's so much opposition to our plan. The councils have immense experience in the ownership and management of house property. Why on earth shouldn't they extend their activities from building new houses to modernizing old ones?

And now education. The most controversial part of our policy

here is our proposals for reorganizing the secondary schools. You have probably heard it said that we're going to abolish the grammar schools and level everything down. Well, that's sheer nonsense. We're not going to do that at all. But we do intend to make some changes in secondary education, and I'll tell you why.

At the moment a child's prospects in life depend enormously on what is called the eleven-plus examination. For this determines whether a boy or girl goes with the minority to the grammar or possibly the technical school, or with the great majority to the so-called modern school. We say that the age of eleven is far too early to decide a child's capacities and its needs. Changes take place afterwards; many develop late. Secondly, there are great differences, not only in the quality of the education at these different types of school, but also—let's face it—in the status they confer and the opportunities they provide. Thirdly, the examination involves a pretty severe strain both on the children and the parents, precisely because it is looked upon as so vital for the child's future. Well, we believe that the whole idea of final segregation of children at such an early age is wrong. We think the children should have a continuing opportunity of whatever education enables them to make the most of themselves. That's what we want to give them.

This view of ours is, in fact, becoming increasingly more widely accepted. More and more educational authorities are trying to build bridges between the different and still separate types of secondary schools. Well, we're not dogmatic about exactly how it should be done. One way, certainly, is to build comprehensive schools in which the more academic type of subject and teaching, now confined to grammar schools, together with technical and modern subjects, are all available for the children. Several comprehensive schools have been built recently, and the reports of them are pretty encouraging. But there are other ways of achieving the same object. In Leicestershire, for instance, the children are to go to the same secondary school from eleven to fourteen. Some will stay on there, but where the parents undertake that the children won't leave school until after sixteen, then they go over to a special high school.

Yesterday I opened a new secondary school in my own constituency. It was a mixture of the modern and the technical. I was pleased to find that quite a high proportion of the boys were intending to take the General Certificate of Education, or similar examination, which a few years ago would only have been possible in grammar schools. I was pleased, also, to find that after sixteen there were opportunities for the boys there to qualify to go on to a grammar school sixth form. Well, here was another example of greater flexibility. It's the principle that matters, and the principle is simply that opportunity must remain open and children not be finally segregated at eleven.

On pensions I only want to say two things. First, we believe that the existing old-age pensioners are entitled to at least some share of the growing wealth of the country as it becomes more prosperous. They've not been getting it in the past. And today, I'm afraid, about 1,000,000 of them at least are living in conditions of serious poverty. That's why we propose to put up the pension to £3 for a single person and £4 10s. for a married couple. When all's said and done it's not a princely sum, and this makes it all the more essential that if prices should rise the pension goes up automatically.

For those still at work a more ambitious plan is possible. There's no doubt that for most people retirement at present means a sharp and substantial drop in their income and living standard. Of course, this isn't the case to nearly the same extent with professional white-collar workers, who are normally covered by some superannuation scheme, or indeed with manual workers in the same position. Well, our view is simply that what about one-third of the community now enjoy—namely superannuation on retirement—ought to be extended and cover everybody; and that's

why we put forward, eighteen months ago, a national super-annuation plan to supplement the old-age pension. The broad purpose is to provide for those who have fully contributed something like half-pay on retirement. Our scheme will include everybody—women as well as men, lower-paid as well as better-paid workers, except for those who, being already in a good scheme of their own, prefer to stay outside the national one.

I come now to what you probably feel is the sixty-four-dollar question. How is all this to be paid for? Where is the money coming from? How can we afford it? You know, this kind of criticism has always been made about every single proposal for social reform ever put forward. It was said in 1945, about the Labour Government's great plans for National Insurance, the National Health Service and the rest. But we carried out the plans successfully, and nobody wants to go back on them now. Even the Tories say they support the Welfare State.

The explanation of how we've been able to pay in the past for our social reforms, and why we shall be able to pay again in the future, is really quite simple. We do it, primarily, by increasing the nation's wealth: that is, by producing more. This isn't so difficult. To aid us we can introduce new inventions, modern machinery, more horse power, year by year, and in consequence up goes our capacity for producing more of the things we want. Given the chance and some encouragement, I haven't the slightest doubt that our British industries, workers and managements together, could be increasing our output year by year. It was done under the Labour Government at the remarkably high rate of seven per cent. a year. If we can get anything like a similar expansion there'll be no problem of paying for these social reforms.

Unfortunately, in sharp contrast, for the last three years we've had no expansion whatever. British industry has been stagnant, and now production has actually fallen. We are producing less than we were three years ago, and there are over 500,000 out of work.

Why did the Government restrict production in this way? Why did it, through the credit squeeze, investment cuts, and higher interest rates, impose this stagnation on industry? I think the honest answer is that they believed it was the only way to

avoid inflation and rising prices. They felt they had to choose between expansion with inflation or stagnation and stable prices. And they chose the latter. If that were really the only choice facing us it would indeed be a terrible dilemma, but we simply don't believe that; we say there's a third way—expansion in industry, plus stable prices, provided two conditions are fulfilled. First, there must be some control of finance and industry. I don't believe this limitation on freedom need be extensive, but at certain points—notably in the foreign exchange market, and probably in industrial building—government intervention is crucial.

The second condition is real co-operation between different sections of the community. If each individual in each group considers itself justified in grabbing all it can from the common pool, without regard to anybody else, then I don't think we shall solve the problem. Don't think it's a matter of wage restraint only: salaries, dividends, expense accounts, come into it just as much. How do we get this co-operation? Only, I think, if the various sections of the community are satisfied that the system, as a whole, is fair; that the spiv and the speculator aren't getting away with too much; that burdens are fairly shared out. If a general sense of social justice prevails, then we can, and we shall, get the equally important sense of social responsibility.

After the issue of war and peace, I look on this problem of how in a free society we get our industrial expansion, and yet have stable prices, as the most fundamental of all. In Russia and China, where people enjoy no freedom, they're nevertheless expanding fast. In itself we welcome it. But what if they go ahead and we don't? What if we in the democracies are left further and further behind? It's not a good prospect. It's going to make a tremendous difference to our influence in the world, and, incidentally, to the outlook for democracy. And it isn't the Britain that I, or you, would want to see.

That's why I believe we really can't afford to follow the defeatist line of the last few years. That's why we need a policy of controlled expansion. That's why we've got to have, somehow or other, a greater unity resting on a foundation of social justice, where people recognize their responsibilities, as well as claiming their rights. That's the only way out.

America's Population Clock

By CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

AN extraordinary piece of apparatus stands in the vestibule of the United States Department of Commerce in Washington. It is the population clock. It looks like the mixed offspring of a speedometer and a pin-ball machine. At the top a huge number keeps changing its last digit. Below this there is a large map of the United States, and superimposed upon it a cross made of coloured electric-light bulbs. Every seven-and-a-half seconds the northern limb of this cross flashes blue from one end to the other, and a noise like a massive penny dropping is heard from the works. That signals the birth of another little American. Every twenty seconds the southern limb of the cross flashes red, and there are more clanking noises behind the scenes to announce a death. At intervals of one-and-a-half minutes the eastward limb flashes green, as one more immigrant arrives on these happy shores; and at the almost astronomical interval of every twenty minutes the westward limb flashes, significantly, yellow, to denote an American who, for one reason or another, has left for foreign parts. And every eleven seconds a white light at the very centre of the cross flashes to indicate a net increase of the population by one.

These rates are based on the averages provided by statisticians, but children invariably take them literally, and watch the piecemeal battle between life and death, between immigration and emigration, with bated breath.

On a day in October a good many eyes were fixed on the clock as, at eight minutes past eleven, Eastern daylight saving time, the white light signalled the growth of the United States' population to the round number of 175,000,000. To many people

who saw it, or read about it the next day, it was just one more sign of the abounding health, strength, and prosperity of this nation. But to some specialists, the event meant something more than that. To people interested in education, it meant that more than a third of the population in the United States was now aged under twenty, and that, if the present trend of birth and death rates continues, by 1980 the proportion of teenagers and children will be more than half the total population. To town planners and housing authorities, the clock gave warning that the present trend of population towards the already densely populated areas was likely to continue at an accelerating pace.

Another population trend underlying the clock's statement is the movement westward—a movement which has, of course, been going on throughout the history of the United States. Although the original pioneering movement reached the west coast long ago, and has to some extent rebounded from it, the western areas of the country still do remain the land of promise and abundant space. One out of every five American families changed its home last year, and the great majority of these moves were westwards. In 1790, the geographical centre of the population of the United States was in the east-coast port of Baltimore. Ten years ago it was in the eastern part of Illinois—the area round Chicago. Today the rapidly growing population of California has tugged it further westwards. The opening up of the new Forty-Ninth State, Alaska, is likely to place it on the Pacific coast within the next fifty years. By then, it is predicted, the population clock back in Washington will be marking up a grand total of 300,000,000 Americans.

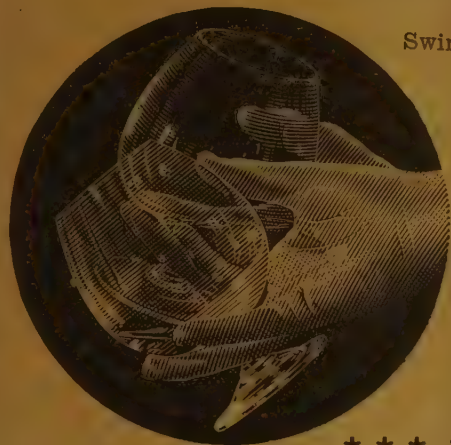
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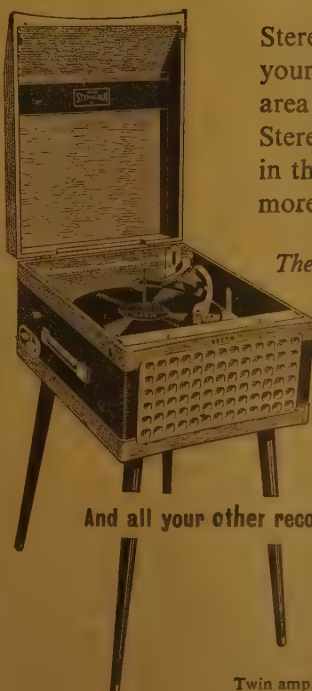
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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Is Metaphysics Obsolete?

Sir,—I think Mr. Roubiczek (in THE LISTENER of November 27) does linguistic analysis an injustice in lumping it together with metaphysical system-building. He is, I suspect, confusing it with logical positivism.

The linguistic analyst would certainly agree with him that there is no one correct system of concepts that will describe the whole of experience. This has in fact been one of the major contributions of the school to philosophy. Where analytic procedure is superior to Mr. Roubiczek's metaphysics is in its ability to cut away the foundations of his—indeed any—system. This continual analysis of *basic* concepts seems to me to be the proper job of philosophy.

Three specific criticisms:

(1) There is no question of 'belief' entering into logical analysis. It is simply the technique for getting results in philosophy, as 'scientific method' is in the sciences. If Mr. Roubiczek claims one must 'believe in' the technique, as he believes in his basic moral presuppositions, then he is guilty of confusing two uses of the word 'believe'. The difference between them is this. One cannot deny philosophical or scientific method without making it impossible for these activities to go on: one would have no standards to judge by. But it is quite possible to deny that it is a part of human nature to love people one really knows, and still go on moralising. The presupposition is not at such a fundamental level.

(2) Mind and body: Mr. Roubiczek rather perversely ignores the fact that the problem may be insoluble because the concepts themselves are confused. Professor Ryle has, in *The Concept of Mind*, suggested a solution along these lines.

(3) Freewill: First, since the analyst accepts the possibility of differing and compatible conceptual systems, he need not accept determinism. In fact I know of none who does. Secondly: why is it necessary that we accept the dictates of our 'deeper' nature? Surely this is a moral decision too and, if so, how does he justify it? Thirdly: there is a good deal of the (allegedly repudiated) *a priori* about his moral system. Surely it is not an *empirical* fact that we love all people we know intimately? Neither is it in keeping with our normal usage of the word 'freedom' to say that we are only really free when we choose good. I should have thought that if we could only choose good we were *not* free. Mr. Roubiczek is plainly re-defining the use of the word to serve religious ends.

My dissatisfaction with Mr. Roubiczek's thesis does not mean I find his new metaphysics entirely useless. It may well be of value as a system of psychological self-analysis. As *objective* truth, however, it will not, I think, stand up to examination.

Yours, etc.,

Nottingham

ROBERT G. GARDINER

Sir,—Mr. Roubiczek tries to salvage metaphysical thinking by throwing metaphysical systems overboard. Though in sympathy with his aim I find his assertions and arguments most baffling.

To start with, he appears to have some of his facts wrong. First: if we accept his definition of metaphysical systems as 'schemes whereby all existence could be explained', then philosophy up to the end of the nineteenth century was not 'principally concerned' with metaphysical system building. The work of Hume, Kant, Nietzsche, and Dilthey, to mention just a few important philosophers, does not conform to this definition. Secondly: there is by no means 'general agreement among the philosophers of all schools' today 'that these so-called system builders were wrong'. Not only are there unashamed Aristotelians, Platonists, and Kantians but new metaphysical systems have been presented in this century. The works of Whitehead, Scheler, Nicolai Hartmann, and even Jaspers surely fall into this category. Talk about

'general agreement' can only be the kind of propaganda gambit to which we have become accustomed from advertising.

Even more serious, because echoing a common prejudice, is the recoil from system. The philosophers of the past were not all ruthlessly concerned with chopping off the toes of problems to fit them into Procrustean beds. They simply thought that systematic reflection, the linking of thought to thought, the placing of problems into wider contexts and the effort towards consistency was an improvement on unsystematic reflection. This seems to me at least arguable. Mr. Roubiczek may be right in claiming that the metaphysicians did not 'solve' the problems they set themselves, but surely they achieved precisely what he demands of his metaphysical thinking. For instance, the view on the body-mind problem presented in a quotation from M. Planck and approved of by Mr. Roubiczek is precisely the one which Spinoza presented in his metaphysical system. Equally the problem of freedom which he uses as his second illustration was the subject of Kant's systematic philosophizing and by means of it he tried to show that we must consider ourselves from different points of view both causally determined and free. In whatever sense, therefore, the great metaphysicians of the past relied 'on a unitary way of thinking' and however they may have 'tried to find an all-embracing answer' they demonstrably did not ignore experience and the complexities and contradictions within it. In fact, they provided the very thoughts which Mr. Roubiczek has offered us as illustrations. He can afford to be inconsequential because he is heir to a more systematic tradition.

Yours, etc.,

M. P. RICKMAN

York

Robert Owen: Socialist Visionary

Sir,—I read Mr. Maurice Cranston's talk on the socialist Robert Owen and his times (THE LISTENER, November 27) with profound interest, but allow me to protest strongly where he says: 'The morals of the nation were far more deplorable than they are today'. Assuming from the context that Mr. Cranston chiefly means sex-morality I would say that his assertion must sound fantastically untrue to anyone who has had parents and elderly friends born in those times and who knows the literature of those times and who himself can remember clearly the latter part of those times.

Is it another pill-box attempt to debunk the shameful Victorians of the middle and upper classes because the contemplation of the shameless purity and austerity of their private lives is galling to the rebellious youth of today? The Victorians were often, I know, irritatingly prudish, but facts are facts, and though they were often boiling with natural sexual wickedness they generally managed to keep the pot from overflowing.

Has Mr. Cranston historically forgotten how Queen Victoria, shocked by the very easy-going Court she took over from her predecessors, instituted a new reign of sex-morality, and how this thing permeated the middle and upper classes of all England, to say nothing of the top layers of the working-class? Their joyful young men and women rampaged and buffooned, danced and flirted, kissed and cuddled, but, generally speaking, they managed to restrict 'sex' to the inducements above the waist. They were nearly all out for safety and respectability, often at any price, and their frequent verbal refuge in what is known as 'cant' does not alter the facts of the matter. In comparison with their severely criticized friendly enemies, the French, they were really quite shiningly moral.—Yours, etc.,

St. Albans

HERBERT PALMER

The Reith Lectures

Sir,—The point of my letter on Professor Lovell's first Reith Lecture was that the Renaissance Churches did not persecute astronomical research, but, on the contrary, encouraged it—until

the Galileo scandal poisoned the atmosphere and gave rise to the belief that this deplorable but fortuitous incident was the outcome of some historical inevitability, and that the resulting divorce between the religious and scientific types of experience is incurable and final.

Mr. Adler, speaking as a believer, wishes to make the divorce absolute by claiming for the religious type of experience complete autonomy in the face of science and philosophy, which the Church herself never claimed. The cosmological views of the Christian Churches have in fact evolved from the flat, tabernacle-shaped earth of Lactantius and the patristic writers, to the spherical universe of Bede and Pope Gerbert, to the universe of Tycho Brahe, which the Jesuit astronomers taught in the seventeenth century, to the Newtonian universe of the nineteenth and the relativistic universe of the twentieth. (One of the pioneers of the modern concept of the expanding universe, for instance, was the Belgian Abbé Georges Edouard Lemaitre.) It is true that this evolution sometimes lagged a step or two behind the latest developments—but that indeed is in the nature of all Establishments.

Mr. Kelly, speaking for the anti-clerical side, ignores the crucial fact mentioned in my first letter: that the telescopic discoveries of Galileo's time spoke *against Copernicus* in favour of Tycho (because the telescope revealed no annual parallax); he simply endorses on face value Galileo's spurious claim that they spoke *for Copernicus*. Similarly Mr. Kelly ignores the essential distinction made between the treatment of the heliocentric system as a scientific working hypothesis (which was permitted) and its treatment as absolutely established truth, requiring a new interpretation of certain Scriptural passages (which was not permitted).

Thirdly, the fact that Copernicus's book was not reprinted for a long time had nothing whatsoever to do with the religious controversy. It was reprinted in 1617 in Amsterdam (precisely during the only four years when it was on the Roman Index) and after that no publisher bothered to print it till the Warsaw tricentenary edition of 1854, because the book had been completely outdated by the new discoveries.

Lastly, that old misunderstanding of a phrase in Milton's *Areopagitica* referring to Galileo as a 'prisoner of the Inquisition'. Milton used the word metaphorically ('Mr. Bevan is a prisoner of the Labour majority'); the fact is that Galileo never spent a day of his life in prison. During the first stages of his trial he lived at the Tuscan Embassy, during the later stages he was assigned a five-room flat in the Holy Office itself, overlooking the Vatican gardens, with his own valet and the Tuscan Ambassador's *major domo* to look after his food and wine. He was sentenced to 'formal prison', that is to say, house arrest, which took the form of a sojourn as guest of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the Medici villa at Trinità del Monte, followed by a stay as guest of Archbishop Piccolomini at Siena; he then returned to his luxurious farm at Arcetri (where Milton visited him), and later to his house in Florence, where he spent the remaining years of his life. He was also sentenced to repeat once a week for three years the seven penitential psalms; but as this was considered unduly harsh on the old man, the recital of the psalms was delegated, with ecclesiastical consent, to his illegitimate daughter, the Carmelite nun Marie Celeste.

He had baited the theologians and ridiculed the Pope with a scientifically untenable version of Copernicanism as a propaganda weapon; he was humiliated and forced to recant for reasons of Church prestige; but Copernican astronomy as a hypothesis could be taught as before, and Galileo went on living as before—the rest is legend.

To return to the core of the dispute: the outstanding geniuses who shaped our ideas of the universe, from Pythagoras to Kepler, from Newton to Einstein, were men of a religious bend in the sense that they never lost their awareness of the unitary source of the mystic's inarticulate intuitions and the scientist's articulate quest for the 'mysteries' of Nature. They were aware that scientific and religious experience each uses its own specific symbols for different aspects of an indivisible reality. But when symbols harden into dogmas and each side claims possession of the total truth, airing grievances based on coloured views of history, then people feel compelled either to take sides, or to split their minds into incompatible halves and engage in a mode of

doublethink which undermines the intellectual clarity and moral strength of contemporary Western civilization.

Yours, etc.,

Weald

A. KOESTLER

Sir,—In his second Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, November 20) Professor Lovell refers appositely to Kant's belief that in the universe there are many planetary systems which nourish forms of life and intelligence different from, and even superior to, our own. He proceeds, however, to assert that Kant 'resisted the implication' in order (if I understand aright) 'to preserve our uniqueness'. The quotation he cites from the *Théorie des Himmels* does not support this contention: it is a youthful expression of the awe felt by Kant in contemplating 'the starry heavens above him'—not merely 'the noblest spectacle presented to the eyes of man' but, as he says expressly, its connexion with worlds upon worlds and galaxies of galaxies throughout the immensity of space and also with the limitless times of their periodic motion, their beginning and their duration. In Part III of this early work—an appendix on *The Inhabitants of the Heavenly Bodies*—Kant makes it abundantly clear that he claimed no uniqueness for the human race.

In later life Kant may have abandoned some of the wilder speculations of his youth, but, so far as I know, he never ceased to believe that there was life and intelligence in the many planetary systems of the stellar universe. He is, indeed, amazed at the power of intelligence to contemplate this vast and troubled scene; but this in no way commits him to the view that such intelligence is to be found only in human beings situated on one tiny planet of our solar system.

Yours, etc.,

Bridge of Earn

H. J. PATON

The Ingratiating Chaos

Sir,—Dr. Pevsner's just and salutary appraisal of New Zealand architecture (THE LISTENER, November 20) prompts two comments. First, in fairness to the New Zealand quarterly, *Landfall*, one must point out that over three years ago it protested against the proposed destruction of the Wellington pro-cathedral; the archbishop who appears determined to pull down this attractive church is not a New Zealander but a former Oxford chaplain and, ironically enough, the local leader of the appeal to save Oxford's ancient buildings.

Secondly, one must regret that Dr. Pevsner was not able to see the most pleasing examples of early domestic architecture: Bishop Pompallier's house at Russell and the charming Treaty House—reminiscent of American colonial building—at Waitangi nearby. Both have stood for some 120 years. If Russell had remained the capital, they might well have set a standard, and Dr. Pevsner might have had less cause for complaint.

Yours, etc.

Oxford

J. A. W. BENNETT

In his *Essays in Elizabethan History* (Cape, 18s.), Sir John Neale has reproduced a number of articles and lectures he has given on the period of history about which he is the acknowledged expert. These include the Creighton lecture on 'The Elizabethan Age' and the Raleigh lecture on 'The Elizabethan Political Scene'. He has added an introduction about the Queen's accession day, November 17, which was a significant date in English history just over 400 years ago.

The 1959 Somerset Maugham award (which amounts to about £500 to be spent on foreign travel) will be given to a British subject ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom and under the age of thirty-five at the end of this year, for a work of poetry, fiction, criticism, biography, history, philosophy, *belles-lettres*, or travel. Books submitted for the award, which may have been published at any time (it is not necessary for them to have appeared in 1958) should be sent by December 31 to the Society of Authors, 84 Drayton Gardens, S.W.10. Only one published work should be submitted by each candidate. Stamp for return postage must be enclosed, together with a statement of the author's age and place of birth and a list of any other published works.

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NEWS DIARY

November 26-December 2

Wednesday, November 26

Commons debate the Wolfenden Report on homosexuality and prostitution

Dr. Adenauer and General de Gaulle meet in southern Germany to discuss Berlin and the European free-trade area

The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, and Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon of the United States attend dedication in St. Paul's Cathedral of American memorial chapel

Thursday, November 27

Russia announces her plans for Berlin, to be put into effect in six months' time. They include a proposal that, within that period, the western sector should be made a 'free city' with its own government

Twenty active members of Eoka and large quantities of arms are captured in west Cyprus

Delegates of five countries attending whaling conference in London agree on recommendations to be put to their governments

Friday, November 28

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, reaffirms Britain's intention to carry out her obligations to Berlin

Voting starts in Algerian election

Three members of the Council for Wales resign in protest against the appointment of the Minister for Welsh Affairs as their chairman

Saturday, November 29

The American Atlas inter-continental missile is successfully fired over its full range of 6,300 miles

Western Ambassadors and officials of the Federal German Foreign Ministry meet in Bonn to discuss Mr. Khrushchev's recent Note on Berlin

Jamaican Government rejects recommendation of a Trade Commission for a customs union in seven years within the West Indian Federation

Sunday, November 30

Final ballot in French elections shows overwhelming success for right-wing parties

President Eisenhower reaffirms that the United States will not abandon her responsibilities towards the people of West Berlin

Monday, December 1

Eighty-four children die in fire at school in Chicago

Official announcement in France that President Coty will not be standing for re-election as President of the Republic on December 21

Tuesday, December 2

Government to advance £100,000,000 to building societies

Transport Commission to borrow £600,000,000 for capital development

Six killed when Viscount aircraft crashes near Frimley in Surrey



A group taken at the American Ambassador's residence in London on November 27 when Vice-President Nixon and Mrs. Nixon entertained the Queen to a Thanksgiving Day dinner during their visit to this country last week. Mr. Richard Nixon is seen in conversation with Her Majesty; on the right is Mr. John Hay Whitney, the American Ambassador, next to him Mrs. Nixon and, behind, Mrs. Whitney



A new rolling mill at the Abbey works of the Steel Company of Wales at Margam which started production last Sunday. A thousand men working in three shifts round the clock removed the old mill and installed the new one in twelve and a half days

Right: a new passenger car ferry to the Isle of Wight, the *Carisbrooke Castle*, being launched at Southampton on November 27

A dra...
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ing how the American Atlas missile, which on November 29 red over its full range of 6,300 poster engine (foreground) soon The makers, the Convair Com-ht meant there were 'no funda-arks left in the Atlas programme'



An American-built Thor intermediate-range ballistic missile rising into its vertical firing position during a test of its mechanism at Feltwell R.A.F. Station, Norfolk, last week



Left: artists on the staff of the Ministry of Works cleaning and restoring the ceiling of the Painted Hall at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, painted by Sir James Thornhill in 1708



Two of a group of twenty sheepdogs boarding an aircraft at Southend on their way to Russia last week. They are to start a line of working sheepdogs there



Miss Michiko Shoda (right), whose engagement to Crown Prince Akihito, the heir to the Japanese throne, was announced on November 27, photographed last week with her parents as they left their home in Tokyo for the palace. Miss Shoda will be the first commoner to marry into the Imperial family



An illustration from a French thirteenth-century manuscript from the collection of the late C. W. Dyson Perrins, part of which is to be sold at Sotheby's, London, on December 9. The illustration depicts Christ blessing a pastoral staff held by a monk; in the foreground are two shepherds with their dogs, sheep, and goats. The forty-five manuscripts, which are on view at Sotheby's (except Sat. and Sun.) until the sale, range from the ninth to the eighteenth centuries

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NELSON

Christmas Books

Temple of the Muses

The Tate Gallery. By Sir John Rothenstein. Thames and Hudson. £6 6s.

Reviewed by BRYAN ROBERTSON

THE first museum was built in Alexandria by Ptolemy, Alexander's lieutenant; and the word museum meant in fact, at that time, 'Temple of the Muses'. The first library was incorporated into this exotic and spectacular scheme, and there were performances of music and dancing. Gradually, the word 'museum' has become corrupted, and today it is practically synonymous with 'depository', a place where things are kept, and this in comparison is rather a dreary thought. In America, however, in sharp contrast to Europe, a real attempt is being made to turn museums back into a lively and agreeable part of the life of the community, and in many places the attempt has been successful. I like to think of art schools adjoining first-class museums, or sometimes existing under the same roof; and I like to think of good libraries, picture loan schemes, lecture courses, restaurants, and instructive temporary exhibitions, imaginatively installed, all under the benevolent auspices of the museum. Chicago, for instance: nothing is more stimulating than to see the students wandering around from the art school housed in the Art Institute's building; or Minneapolis, which has an excellent museum as well as the Walker Art Centre, a charming modern building with a small, gradually expanding permanent collection of mostly modern work, which organizes art classes, provides a good art library, and so on.

The answer of course is money: the Americans spend more on their museums than we do. We are almost incredibly mean and small minded over the pitiful little sums of money that are doled out to English museums. It is no use saying that the Americans simply have more money than us anyway. The truth is that many more inducements are offered to American citizens to incite them to contribute to their museums and support their activities spiritually and financially. In England, a provincial museum director would have immense difficulty in raising £250 from the local community for some necessary purchase or minor improvement to his museum; in America far larger sums are found all the time because the museum in question, wherever it is, is almost certainly a thoroughly enjoyable place to visit. Just think for a moment of the average English provincial museum: a dull, tasteless, and frowsy nineteenth-century interior and a general atmosphere of stagnation. Hovering over everything is the feeling that the building itself is a gloomy memorial to some rich merchant or local worthy who founded the place originally to house his loot. If the idea of a

museum really works in the imagination of a community then I believe that any sum of money for it can be found; but for too many people in Europe their museum is simply a local monument. All this must be changed.

So let us look forward to the time when the Slade is housed in a building adjoining the Tate Gallery; when the Tate restaurant is decorated by Ceri Richards or Ben Nicholson, and not that tepid pasticheur Rex Whistler; when temporary exhibitions have a separate and proper wing to themselves and are not uneasily installed in the middle of (and thereby dislodging) the permanent collection; when the Contemporary Art Society, in new and spacious offices designed by Noguchi, keeps a constantly changing selection of recent acquisitions on show in the basement (at the moment, the C.A.S. is furtively housed in what appears to be the boiler room of the Tate); where a large and luxurious art reference library, complete with all the best art, architecture, and design periodicals may also be found on the premises. Let there be many parties. And let the Treasury's annual grant to the Tate be multiplied by ten. And let some glorious dispensation from Parliament enable the Trustees to sell or dispose of roughly one third of the Tate's uneven collection and buy some good works of art with the proceeds. All this would make a reasonable prelude for the sort of establishment the Tate should really be—which its present Director has, so clearly, in mind. Thousands of people are nowadays quite familiar with that curious building at Millbank; before the war, they weren't. Sir John Rothenstein's new book has come into being largely through this immense new public.

As an art book it has two serious disadvantages: it is expensive, and as such is not thorough enough—for this money one would like to see almost the same number of colour plates (there are sixty-eight, all excellent) backed up by thumb-nail black and white plates of most of the other major paintings at the Tate for reference; it is very big, and as such the layout is not quite good enough—the large white spaces are not inventively deployed on the pages, immense outer margins push the columns of text irritatingly near each other at the centre.

But its advantages outweigh these criticisms. Sir John Rothenstein's condensed history of the Tate is first rate: objective and elegantly phrased, it gives an admirably balanced account of the origins and subsequent developments of this affectionately regarded institution. His descriptive captions for the plates are equally helpful.



Tate à Tate

(Mr. Tate has withdrawn his munificent offer—Daily Paper). Goschen: "Much obliged, but we are a Nation of shopkeepers and we don't want any art today, thank you" (Fun, March 16, 1892)



'The National Gallery of British Art: Mr. Tate reading his dedicatory address' (Daily Graphic, July 22, 1897)

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DE N T

Benevolent Guardians

The Era of Theodore Roosevelt 1900-1912

By George E. Mowry. Hamish Hamilton. 35s.

The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson

By Herbert Hoover. Museum Press. 35s.

IT IS DIFFICULT now to comprehend the commotion stirred up by Theodore Roosevelt in public office; and especially from this side of the Atlantic the Progressive Movement, in which he wallowed and had his being, has an air of unreality. At a time when English politics were becoming polarized by a robust collectivism, American reformers seemed to be pursuing a miscellany of outlandish and ill-assorted aims. Australian ballot, conservation, pure food and drugs, trust busting, city management, and railroad rates look humdrum enough to Europeans, but to American Progressives they were luminous causes, part of a moral struggle for the very soul of the State. And yet when it was all over it was difficult to see exactly what it had all been about, still less to discern any real change in the structure of politics. The chief virtue of Mr. Mowry's book is that it makes clear and morally exciting the predicament of the Progressives.

Because of the pace of change, American events whose English parallels occurred a generation apart took place practically simultaneously. Thus the Populist, a sort of rural Chartist, and the Progressive proper, who was more akin to Chamberlain's Birmingham radical, got mixed up together in the disorders caused by the onslaught of industrialism. As Roosevelt put it, half the Progressives recognized 'the necessity of combinations in business' and the need for government control, but had to pay lip service to the views of the other half who were 'rural Tories' yearning to return to a golden age of perfect competition: and it was no wonder that their rhetoric often bore little relation to their acts. As Mr. Dooley said of the trusts: 'On wan hand I wud stamp them undher fut; on th'other hand, not so fast'. And thus the ultimate Progressive achievement of adjusting the trim of politics to big business, big union, big city, and big party machine was obscured by its failure to achieve many of its announced objectives.

Who were the Progressives? William Allen White, who was one of them, hinted at the answer when he said that 'populism had shaved its whiskers, washed its shirt, put on a derby, and moved up into the middle class', and it seems clear from Mr. Hofstadter's and now Mr. Mowry's work that, though he had rural and small town connexions, the true Progressive was essentially urban and middle class. He belonged to that older, upper-middle class, professional and cultivated, who had suffered a loss in status through the rise to great power of the new rich and the intrusion on urban life of peasant hordes from eastern Europe. As Howells put it: 'From above come the problems of predatory wealth. From below come the problems of poverty and pig-headed and brutish criminality'. These men wanted power to restore both their own position and what they regarded as the older American values. They had the sense of the gentleman, as T.R. revealed when, though well down the class list at Harvard, he wrote 'only one gentleman stands ahead of me'. They regarded themselves, in the words of the young Walter Lippmann, as 'benevolent guardians' who must lead. Coming from the older stocks they took refuge in racist doctrines, talking of 'the home and the folk moot' and 'a patriotism of race as well as of country'. Lastly, they were romantic nationalists, eager to project American republican values abroad into the world of the Great Powers.

This is the background which Theodore Roosevelt shared with his successor. Wilson thought of himself as the leader of what he termed 'an educated élite', guardian of a political tradition developed from that of Britain and, in the crisis of the Great War, as the austere spokesman for American republican values. The failure of Wilson's peace settlement was not only a personal tragedy but the grand tragedy in the history of American-European relations. This is a big moral theme to which no historian has yet done justice; and it is clear that Mr. Herbert Hoover does not aspire to this role. His *The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson* consists

very largely of extracts from his personal archive illustrating the problems faced by Wilson at Paris. It is a document of some interest for what it reveals of Mr. Hoover. In the papers of this well-meaning American ex-mining engineer and food administrator the high tragedy of Wilson's brilliant failure to master the problems of European and American politics is coarsened into the familiar melodrama of American idealism and European deviousness. 'Here', writes Mr. Hoover, 'was the collision of civilizations that had grown centuries apart'. Mr. Hoover's memoir shows strikingly that in the run-of-the-mill Progressive the old Populistic assumptions which lead to isolationism were never far below the surface.

FRANK THISTLETHWAITE

When the Centre Gives Way

The King's War, 1641-1647

By C. V. Wedgwood. Collins. 35s.

THE SECOND VOLUME in Miss Wedgwood's trilogy on the Civil War is masterly alike in its scholarship and in its art. It might be thought that the subject has been sufficiently dealt with before, and indeed there is a plethora of books on various aspects of it by people with no particular call to write and no gift for writing. In what way does this book differ, what are its qualities and in what does its value consist?

This is the centre-piece of an ambitious design—nothing less than a narrative history describing the whole Civil War, its preliminaries and its consequences, the English revolution. It is something in our time to compare with the Victorian Gardiner; but it has these advantages—that it has Gardiner to go on, with a great deal of new material that has emerged since, and that it is much better written, more vividly, more pictorially, more sympathetically, with greater awareness of every kind, especially to character and situation, and—thank goodness—with less ethicality. In all that this is a book of our own time, and not of the relatively peaceful and humane Victorian age.

Its value is related to this contemporaneity, what we have learned and experienced in our time of scission and barbarism. (The Victorians had no idea what it is like when a society breaks down into civil war, anarchy, revolution. We, alas, have.) This book has brought home to me, as no other that I have read, the immediacy of the experience, the uncertainty of the issue—it is all the more exciting to read—the confusion of it all, the conflict in men's minds, the shattered and criss-cross loyalties, the individual heroisms, the general horror, the destruction.

This is what happens when the centre gives way in a society, when the governing forces that should provide unity and leadership break apart. Hitherto one had taken the Civil War rather for granted, read it in a static kind of way in the endless slow-motion volumes of Gardiner. Here is the reality, the heart-breaking reality of it all. With admirable restraint Miss Wedgwood has no word of condemnation for Charles I. But why should we be equally restrained? Everything in this volume goes to show his absolute hopelessness as a ruler—the utter lack of grasp of reality, the constant bad judgment of people and events, the pitiful sanguine optimism (just like his grandmother, Mary Stuart), the indecision, the passive obstinacy. He was incapable of ruling, and yet he was king, the centre of authority: there was the dilemma. It was tragic that it should have needed a civil war to defeat him, and an execution to get rid of him.

If I might make a suggestion: historians never bring out—Miss Wedgwood does not—how alien Charles I was. With a father a Franco-Scot and a mother a Germano-Dane he had no idea of the English people, no capacity for feeling along with them: he would not govern on terms demanded by the English people or the interests of the country. Contrast the political conduct of Elizabeth I; furthermore, a really able ruler like her was willing to make concessions when necessary. Charles would have done better to hand over the running of the country to the English.

The result of his combined ineptitude and obstinacy was tragedy—for that the Civil War was tragic Miss Wedgwood brings out,

Somerset Maugham

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for all the streaks of romance and gallantry, the poetry of the Cavaliers, the portraits of Dobson. It is hideous to think of the destruction—the contents of great houses like Basing or Raglan, the smashing of tombs and stained glass and sculpture in the cathedrals and churches, the works of art, the manuscripts and archives destroyed. Equally crazy is the mutual exclusiveness of people's fatuous doctrines, condemning each other, killing each other. When the City mob in London wanted some hotting up, another poor priest was strung up at Tyburn. Alexander Henderson broke his heart trying to convert the King to the Covenant. 'The Covenant was righteous; yet the King, a righteous man, would not accept it. God might solve this enigma of right conflicting with right; but Henderson could not'. Worn out, he went home to Edinburgh to die.

One sees on the grand scale what lunatics human beings are when they fight each other for what they suppose themselves to think; while the collapse of central authority brings all these lunacies into the open.

A. L. ROWSE

Soviet Naval Might

The Soviet Navy

Edited by Commander M. G. Saunders, R.N.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

NO APOLOGY IS NEEDED for offering to the public a book on the Soviet Navy. Sea power was for long the Cinderella not only of Imperial Russia but also of the Soviet Union. All this has changed. Since the end of the war the U.S.S.R. has built up a navy which is second only to that of the United States, and has already surpassed that of Britain, at any rate in size. In this admirable compilation, a distinguished naval officer, Commander Saunders, has assembled contributions from eminent authorities of many nationalities.

About a third of the book is devoted to the past, the remainder to the present, and the editor himself has supplied an introduction which sums up the situation. The pages devoted to history include, apart from valuable studies of Russia's maritime past and of the contribution of the Soviet Navy to victory in the late war, two short sections of particular interest. One is a vivid study by Dr. Katkov of the part played by the sailors in the revolutions of 1905 and 1917. The turbulent sailors were readily used to stir up trouble, when trouble was what was wanted, and just as readily shot down and vilified by the revolutionary leaders, when they jibbed at the form the victorious revolution had assumed. The other is a most fair-minded account, by Captain Garwood, R.N., of the Russians as allies in the late war. The Russian officers were ready to co-operate (it was after all in their own interest to do so) but were constantly frustrated by the ever-suspicious political arm.

The present situation is covered in eleven chapters which examine the technical problems of the size, quantity and quality of ships and weapons, the strategic and geographical aspects, and questions of organization and training. The contributors do not indicate the sources of their information, and the first question the curious reader will ask is: how reliable is it? As the editor points out, the secrecy maintained by the Soviet Union over its navy is probably even greater than in other questions. But 'while it is not possible to give the actual sources' of the technical information contained in the several chapters, 'the figures are based on the official statements issued from time to time by responsible authorities in the West'. One may add that the experience and reputation of the contributors have in most cases equipped them to assess the relative value and credibility of such information as is available, and their accounts do not contain any apparent traces of exaggeration.

The picture which between them they present is indeed a sobering one. As Dr. Garthoff recently showed in his analysis of Soviet military doctrine, the advent of nuclear weapons has not led the Soviet Union to the view that so-called conventional weapons are to be regarded as obsolete. The post-war pattern of

the Soviet navy, with its immense fleet of some five hundred submarines—the greatest such fleet ever maintained by any power in peace-time, and more than double the size of the German submarine arm at the peak of the Battle of the Atlantic—tells the same story. A number of experts examine this preponderantly offensive aspect of Soviet strength from different angles and reach the same conclusions: its main purpose can only be, in the event of war, to strike at the United States and Nato bases and to cut the supply routes of the Atlantic.

In his chapter on 'The Soviet Submarine Threat', Captain Donald Macintyre, R.N., examines the question with dispassionate thoroughness and finds the 'picture made more alarming by the appalling inadequacy of the forces available to meet the threat'. His outstanding service in anti-submarine warfare entitles him to be listened to with respect. The importance attached to the submarine striking force by the Soviet Union is further illustrated by the studies of the surface ships of the Soviet Navy, which show the extent to which they are designed to support and service this powerful arm, and the same theme is treated from the strategic and geopolitical angles by such experts as Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin and Rear Admiral Ernest M. Eller, U.S.N. The possession by the Soviet Union of this devastating offensive weapon incidentally exposes the insincerity of Soviet propaganda for the abolition of nuclear weapons, without parallel controlled conventional disarmament.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

A Perfect Woman

The Letters of Mary Wordsworth. 1800-1855

Selected and edited by Mary E. Burton. Oxford. 42s.

THE DOVE COTTAGE ARCHIVES, by no means yet exhausted, have now yielded a substantial volume of letters written by Wordsworth's wife. They have been carefully and informatively presented by an American scholar from the University of Louisville, Kentucky, and the work maintains the high standard set in such matters by Ernest de Selincourt and Miss Helen Darbishire. It cannot be claimed that the letters are of any great literary value. Mary Hutchinson may have been, in Wordsworth's youthful eyes, 'a phantom of delight', and her many wifely virtues were celebrated in one of his best poems:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

Her uncelebrated virtue was patience, for Wordsworth was thirty-two when, in October 1802, he finally married Mary Hutchinson, without the consent of her family. The obstacles had been serious—Annette Vallon and their illegitimate child in France, and the possessive attitude of his sister Dorothy. The letters throw no new light on these obscure problems. All but four date from ten years after the marriage, and are wholly devoted to domestic gossip. They are perhaps none the worse for that, for they give an intimate picture of the private life of one of the greatest of English poets. Not a very romantic picture: the poet suffers from boils, or inflamed eyes, or night sweats, and composition is a travail that leaves him exhausted. There are many glimpses of this kind:

W. is at this moment [1 December 1818] sitting, as he has been all the morning, except while he dashed off a letter to Till: with his feet on the Fender, and his verses in his hand—nay now they have dropped upon his knee and he is asleep from sheer exhaustion—he has worked so long. He has written 21 Sonnets (including old ones) on the river Duddon...

There are some unexpected sidelights on Wordsworth's standard of living—for example, an account of £42 for wine (a considerable sum in 1828), of which Mary comments 'I look forward to no pleasant job in the bottling of it'. Everywhere there is evidence of good housekeeping and devoted secretarial work. It is doubtful if any poet was ever better served by a phantom of delight.

She was with him to the end, and beautifully describes that end:

Since Tea he has awaked and so sweetly! asking me 'if I thought he would ever get well?' and upon my expressing my thoughts and explaining why he was so weak and what was to be done to regain lost strength, he jocosely observed—'You preach, very nicely'—'Now read to me'. This office I turned over to Eliz, to whom he said 'You must excuse me if I fall asleep'—And truly it is even so.

HERBERT READ

'The Mechanick Art'

Modern Book Design: from William Morris to the Present Day. By Ruari McLean. Faber. 21s.

'THERE IS NO SHORT and easy way', wrote Dr. Stanley Morison in 1924, 'to the appreciation of fine printing. Quiet, reflective study must be pursued'. Dr. Morison has himself given a lifetime of quiet, reflective study to the printing of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; and Mr. Ruari McLean, equally studious and reflective, has devoted himself mainly to the nineteenth and twentieth. One result is this book: admirable in range, in temper, and in lively interest.

It is not a big book (116 pages, about sixty illustrations), and it is a whacking big subject. This combination usually produces something more like a catalogue of names and dates than a narrative. But Mr. McLean never loses the narrative. Therefore he makes his reader—this reader—feel that he is on a profitable journey, with a first-class travelogue accompaniment.

The recent history, as Mr. McLean displays it, of what Moxon called 'the mechanick art' is not a history of great printing houses, of 'the Trade', so much as the history of individuals. And often enough those individuals have begun their concern for the beauty of books as amateurs. Many of them were—are—publishers: John Lane, Elkin Mathews, Joseph Dent, Basil Blackwell, Martin Secker, Richard De la Mare of Faber's, Desmond Flower of Cassell's. Others were writers: Robert Bridges, G. B. Shaw, and (a little disingenuously) George Moore; and there was at the distant source William Morris, who was everything—writer and publisher and printer. Though in the earlier times of the revival it was on the whole the private and not-quite-so-private presses that showed the way, there were a few forerunning printers who had high technical skill. Robert Clark of Edinburgh gave the cue: his company was to give 'the finest possible service and the highest possible price'. Here 'service' and 'quality' meant craft, not design; and the 'highest possible price' was, before the wars, modest enough to justify William Morris's dictum: 'I lay it down that a book quite unornamented can look positively un-ugly if it be, so to say, architecturally good, which, by the by, need not add much to its price'.

But the prime movers in the teens and twenties of this century, the zealots, the devotees, included many printers. Among these, to be remembered for his own work and for a discovery, was Gerard Meynell of the Westminster Press, who conducted for its short life the magazine called *The Imprint*. In another book Mr. Ruari McLean's thoroughness and his eye for the large-in-little produces the text of the advertisement which brought Dr. Stanley Morison into printing:

'We require at the offices of *The Imprint* the services of a young man of good education and preferably of some experience in publishing and advertising'. Gerard Meynell interviewed an applicant who was a bank clerk, and, saying that he himself had been a bank clerk and hated it, gave him the job. The applicant was Stanley Morison, then aged twenty-four, and soon to make the most distinguished contribution to the revival of printing of any man in Europe or America.

Mr. McLean justifies that judgment—the kind of judgment made usually only when a man is long dead and buried—up to the hilt, by quotations of Dr. Morison's significant dicta, by the story of his revival of type-faces for the Monotype Corporation, of his use of this new material at the small but significant Pelican



Strolling Indian entertainer with a wanderoo monkey. One of the many photographs by Ylla, who also supplies the text, from *Animals in India* (Hamish Hamilton, 42s.)

Press and at the great Cambridge University Press, of his researches into typographical history, of the 'revolution' in the printing of journals that followed his association with Eric Gill and with *The Times*.

But Mr. McLean does not neglect the other significant figures in his fluent and sensitive account. For example, he quotes—thereby paying a due debt to its author—Holbrook Jackson's statement about Harold Curwen that he 'abolished class distinctions between the printing of books and miscellaneous printing', Bernard Newdigate (my own first instructor in printing), Joseph Thorp (my own first and ineffective instructor in Latin), Edward Johnston, the greatest of the calligraphers and, like Newdigate, a holy man, Eric Gill (who is quoted as saying of his famous 'Sans-serif' type that it would have been better with serifs!), Oliver and Herbert Simon, Paul Beaujon (equally wise and ebullient), and Robert Harling whose work as editor, adviser, and designer has been—is—outstanding, with the never-discouraged support of James Shand and the Shenval Press—all have their place and many their anecdote. Richard De la Mare of Faber's as patron and performer, and Desmond Flower of Cassell's have used their large power as entrepreneurs to splendid purpose. Not the least of De la Mare's gifts to civilized reading has been his publication of many books about books—David Bland's recent *A History of Book Illustration*, and the book here reviewed amongst them. And it is De la Mare too who has given scope for that fine designer Berthold Wolpe.

Only in a few small respects do I suggest a little cobbling: I want Mr. McLean to place in the history of our printing the, to me, unknown designer of the 'Tudor & Stuart' Library of the O.U.P.; the maker of Kegan Paul Trench Trübner books in the 'eighties and 'nineties; and Martin Secker, whose novels early in the century set a standard never surpassed and very seldom equalled.

If I were trying to guide a young man or woman inclined towards the design of printing as a career I should make Mr. McLean's book compulsory first-reading.

FRANCIS MEYNELL

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The Opium War through Chinese Eyes

By Arthur Waley. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

DR. WALEY EXPLAINS in his preface that although this book gives the Chinese viewpoint, it does not purport to be a complete consecutive story of the Opium War as seen from the Chinese side. What he has done, and done very well, is to translate and put into their setting a number of intimate documents, such as diaries, autobiographies, and confessions which reveal what the war felt like to Chinese of all classes who were involved in it. American scholars have recently given us some invaluable documentation from the Chinese official records, but, as Dr. Waley points out, these tend to use fixed formulae and are not so revealing about the real 'climate of opinion'.

The bulk of the book (pages 11 to 157) is devoted to the doings of Commissioner Lin at Canton in the years 1839-41, and shows the workings of his mind during the critical time when he was trying to stamp out the opium trade. Dr. Waley's principal source is Lin's diary for the period February 14, 1839, to July 16, 1841, which was first published in 1955 and is skilfully summarized here. Other sources, such as Lin's correspondence with the Emperor, have been used to check and illuminate the private diary where necessary, and particularly for the months February 3 to September 10, 1840, where there is a gap.

Lin emerges as an honest and conscientious man, by no means so 'ignorant and arrogant' as contemporary English works depicted him. Naturally enough, he knew next to nothing about the foreign barbarians when he was appointed to his Canton post, but he made some efforts to learn, particularly after his seizure and destruction of the opium stored at Canton in June 1839. He secured partial translations of such works as Vattel's *Law of Nations*, Murray's *Encyclopedia of Geography*, and Thelwall's *Iniquities of the Opium Trade with China*; but his translators were not very efficient and consequently his own knowledge was not greatly clarified. On an article dealing with the propagation of Christianity in China he commented: 'It appears that the Jesus-religion preached by Matteo Ricci was Catholicism, whereas the Jesus-religion preached afterwards by [Ferdinand] Verbiest was Christianity. The two terms "Catholic" and "Christian" must express some such difference'. As Dr. Waley remarks, it would have taken a long time to sort out this muddle for him. Lin did, however, ascertain that the English would not die of constipation if they were deprived of their supply of rhubarb by the Chinese, and he reported this disconcerting fact to the Emperor. The diary also reflects his constant interest in the news of provincial and metropolitan examination results, and his endeavours to speed postal communication with his family in Fuhkien.

Lin evidently believed the mendacious claims of victories submitted by the Manchu and Chinese military and naval commanders, and in this respect his reactions form an interesting contrast to those of persons who were more directly involved in the operations. One of these, a temporary staff officer named Pei Ch'ing-ch'iao, left a detailed account of the Yangtze delta campaign which Dr. Waley has put to good use, particularly for the description of the abortive Chinese counter-attack on Ningpo (March 10, 1842). Two others deal with the experiences of residents of Shanghai and Chinkiang, respectively, during the occupation of those two cities by the White and Black Devils, as the diarists termed the British and the Indian troops. In both instances there was a certain amount of looting and raping, but the local roughs and toughs took advantage of the prevailing confusion to plunder their wealthier fellow-citizens even more thoroughly than did the foreign invaders.

The last section of the book gives us an amusing insight into the military intelligence activities of the versatile Prussian Protestant missionary, Gutzlaff, whose close connexion with the sale of opium and the distribution of Bibles would have delighted Karl Marx if only he had known of it. Gutzlaff seems to have made an efficient magistrate in occupied Ningpo, and the ballad about his rule which was written by a local poet and is translated by Dr Waley, is by no means uncomplimentary. It may

be added that the most pathetic entry in the book is not by a Chinese at all, but is the deposition of a kidnapped Indian 'sweeper' in Ningpo gaol, which, as Dr. Waley says, reminds one of William Blake's 'Little Black Boy'.

C. R. BOXER

The Gadfly

The Charm of Politics. By R. H. S. Crossman.

Hamish Hamilton. 18s.

THERE IS NO MORE stimulating writer on modern topics than Mr. Crossman. His love of an original and provocative point of view, whether or not it has been a handicap to him as a politician, has been a stimulus to him as a commentator. Nevertheless, there is a tantalizing quality in this book which arises inevitably from its nature. It contains too many essays—forty-eight packed into fewer than 250 pages—which makes each one of them too short. Again and again we feel that we are just warming up to some fascinating thesis; then we turn the page and all is over. Of the forty-eight essays some are now so dated that they are hardly worth reprinting. I hope that Mr. Ivor Thomas will not take it as an offence if I say that few people today are greatly interested in the precise reasons why he left the Labour Party some ten years ago. Seeing that there was an essay on Mr. Muggeridge, I turned to it with eagerness, only to find that it was a discussion of what he had to say about the nineteen-thirties with no word on more modern times. We read of Glubb Pasha, but of a Glubb Pasha who is still commanding the Arab Legion from Amman. The reason for all this, of course, is that this is a book of reprints of book reviews which Mr. Crossman has written over the last twenty years. We should have preferred a book of fewer essays in which he had allowed himself space fully to develop his conception of the central characters on whom he passes judgment, but to ask for that is to ask for a different book.

The pride of place is given to an essay from which the book takes its title, 'The Charm of Politics', on L. S. Amery and H. A. L. Fisher; and its argument, which is implicit in many of the other essays, is that he who has the ability and the opportunity to choose whether he will be a philosopher or a king, does well to choose kingship. Amery is unhesitatingly commended because, in spite of the disappointments of his political career, he never for a moment regrets his choice of 'the never-ending adventure' of political life. Fisher's finest hours were undoubtedly, in Mr. Crossman's view, the hours that he spent in Westminster and Whitehall. There was something pathetic, he feels, in Fisher's later years at New College. 'I shall never forget', writes Mr. Crossman, 'how on Sunday evenings he would stand in his chapel stall, chilly as an up-ended sarcophagus, listening to the service whose traditions he admired but whose creed he dismissed with eighteenth-century elegance. Afterwards, at the High Table in Hall, among the chattering of busy Dons, he would sit silent for course after course, expressing boredom with all the grandeur of Aristotle's Great-Hearted Man. But then back in his study in the Warden's Lodgings, he would recapture in congenial company the spirit of the real life that he had lived before this artificiality'.

Mr. Crossman wrote that essay in 1947. He apparently still finds its thesis sufficiently cogent to be worth reprinting. But there are passages in some of the other essays which make one wonder if he would have written in exactly the same way today. In the first place, why, wishing to commend political life, does he choose the curious word 'charm' rather than, say, 'battle' to describe it? 'Then I went back to civil life', said Dean Acheson, 'though I'm bound to say that I did not find it particularly civil'. Certainly Mr. Crossman is far too deeply immersed in current problems for there to be any likelihood that he will ever be tempted to return to New College and the teaching of Plato. But there is a third life which is neither that of the academic nor of the politician—that of the free commentator. Mr. Crossman has by his own confession discovered 'the gaping abyss that now divides the published political myth from the unpublished

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political truth. . . . Our modern system of highly centralized Cabinet government is now buttressed by a party system which limits the elector to choosing between the Cabinet and the Shadow Cabinet; which has steadily degraded the status of the M.P., and which, most serious of all, is rapidly transferring both debate and decision from the publicity of the floor of the Commons to the secrecy of the party caucus in the committee rooms upstairs or the party headquarters outside'. I doubt if he had made that discovery when he wrote in 1947. He says, 'I am not here concerned with the merits of the development', but, whatever its general merits, it is bound to have an effect on the man who has discovered it. It is bound to cause him at least to wonder whether he should not revise his conception of the good and useful life—to wonder if, once he has seen how the machine works, he is not better employed shaping events in freedom from its discipline. 'He can console himself', writes Mr. Crossman of Mr. Strachey, 'with the thought that real Socialist books are both rarer and more useful today than potential Socialist Ministers'. It would be both ungenerous and unfair to suggest that this was advice only offered to a rival.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Uncle and Niece

The Love Letters of Voltaire to his Niece

Edited and translated by Theodore Besterman.

Kimber. 25s.

PLUMP MME DENIS! Who would have believed it! She, Voltaire's niece, she who visited him at Cirey and was flung about with him through the streets of Frankfurt and acted as a hostess for him at Ferney and was with him when he died in Paris—she was also his mistress! The scandal is a mild one. When Wordsworth, about thirty years ago, was stated on the wireless to have had an illegitimate daughter, the scandal was terrific, and an infuriated listener wrote 'Let not the Air be polluted by this foul lie'. No one will get fussed like that about Voltaire. The French so often have mistresses—it is almost expected of them—and the French sometimes marry their nieces. Lamartine married his, and there was at one moment a possibility that Voltaire would marry Mme Denis.

Here then are his love letters to her. There are over 150 of them and they all belong to the years 1742-1750—that is to say, they end just before he paid his disastrous visit to Frederick the Great. No doubt he wrote to her in his later life, but they were then living together, so there would have been less occasion. And he would certainly not have written so warmly, for in later life their affection cooled, she became tiresome and exacting and sometimes flounced away in a rage, and he—he became more and more Voltaire.

She must have been fond of him, for after his death in 1778, when she sold most of his manuscripts to Catherine of Russia, she kept these letters, and dated them (usually wrongly) and deleted some indecencies in them (always ineffectively). 'Spirito' she writes over a word that means the reverse. After her own death they passed to her executors and remained hidden away in a French chateau well into the present century. They came into the market and an autograph-dealer got hold of them. They would have been dispersed and distorted but for the intervention of Voltaire's good angel, Mr. Theodore Besterman.

Mr. Besterman directs the Voltaire Institute at Geneva. He is issuing a splendid and erudite edition of the letters and of the notebooks. He realized the importance of the Denis sequence, and only last year he persuaded the Pierpont Morgan Library in New York to buy it. He has (presumably) already published it in the original text. The book under review is his English translation from the French and from the Italian. For Voltaire sometimes made love in Italian.

The letters will not enthrall the general reader. He will find too much of this sort of thing:

A small part of me, that is, my body, has arrived in Paris much indisposed. The soul belongs to you for ever and looks forward to telling you today how much it loves you.

Or the same thing put more pertly:

Nature, which has bestowed on me the tenderest of hearts, has forgotten to give me a stomach. I cannot digest but I can love.

Or put with more feeling:

The pleasures of the senses pass and flee in the twinkle of an eye, but the affection that binds us, the mutual confidence, the pleasures of the heart, the sensual joys of the soul, are not destroyed and do not perish thus. I will love you until death.

There are also scraps about court life and literary intrigue which fill up gaps in our present information and will interest the experts. And there is an agreeable frontispiece and two facsimile reproductions.

E. M. FORSTER

Adventures in Turkestan

A Person from England: and other Travellers to Turkestan. By Fitzroy Maclean. Cape. 21s.

AS THE STEAM-ROLLER of Russian imperialism rolled down upon the crumbling khanates of Central Asia the world seemed to be watching (or, more accurately, reading scanty and belated reports of) a process that must end in a struggle between Russia and Great Britain for the hegemony of Asia. During Russia's cumulative annexations, and afterwards, while she was consolidating her position in the deserts and oases, the vast, little-known territory of Turkestan aroused a curiosity which few travellers were able to gratify; and this curiosity was revived when the Tsarist Empire collapsed, and the Red Army, the White Guards, the foreign interventionists and the *basmachis* contended untidily in the aftermath of the Bolshevik Revolution. The haunting yet curiously rich desolation of the regions, the aura of violence and intrigue and mystery which surrounded them, issued for the best part of a century a challenge to adventurers; and in his new book Sir Fitzroy Maclean has had the happy idea of recapitulating the stories of eight of the individuals who answered that challenge, rounding them off with short accounts of his own visits to Bokhara in 1938 and 1958.

His first traveller is Joseph Wolff, a Bavarian Jew of marked eccentricity who married a sister of the Earl of Oxford, became a missionary and in 1843 undertook the rescue of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Connolly: these brave (and also eccentric) officers had by then been executed after a long and noisome captivity in Bokhara, but the fact of their deaths was not known in London. Wolff is a figure straight out of Edward Lear, with his great shovel hat, his outbursts of rage, and his three dozen copies of *Robinson Crusoe* in Arabic. The dangers he faced, the delusions he entertained, the shifts he adopted to escape what often seemed a certain fate at the hands of the Emir's hard-worked executioners make the best, and the best-told, story in this collection.

Twenty years later a Hungarian, Arminius Vambéry, went—apparently for the hell of it—to Bokhara disguised as a Turkish dervish. The odds against his survival were heavy, for (it should perhaps be explained) the unmapped and all but waterless deserts, the unreliable guides, the ubiquitous brigands, and the savage vagaries of the climate were no less likely to prove fatal to a traveller than were the political and religious prejudices of his hosts when he reached a centre of population. But Vambéry eventually emerged, more or less scathless, into Afghanistan.

Then there were two special correspondents, Edmund O'Donovan of the London *Daily News* and the American MacGahan, of the *New York Herald*, the latter performing prodigies of endurance in his efforts to cover the Russian conquest of Khiva in 1873. Sir Fitzroy's reconstruction of his exploits suffers from the lack of a map, and still more from the lack of a climax. On internal evidence we infer that MacGahan 'scooped' the non-Russian world, but how did he transmit, and how did the public receive, the despatches which he struggled through so much sand to send?

We get a glimpse of two of the conquerors, Skobelyov and his chief of staff Grodekov, and another of Lord Curzon travelling the Trans-Caspian Railway: a curiously heron-like figure, stiff

and ungainly in flight, yet quick in perception when he has come to rest, preened his plumage, and directed his pale eyes into the muddy shallows. Coming to more recent times, the story of Lt.-Colonel F. M. Bailey's Pimpernellian exploits in Tashkent and Bokhara is retold with the help of the author, who is still alive.

This book, as Sir Fitzroy modestly points out, is 'not a serious work of scholarship'. But even the most frivolous of scholars should, after reminding us that 'today it is by no means everyone who knows where to look for Merv and Bokhara or is even sure to which country they now belong', have insured that his 'only map would make enlightenment on both these points possible; and in a work spanning more than a century a bibliography which omits all dates of publication is almost as tantalizing as a list of winners without the starting prices.

The book is written in an urbane and captivating style and laced with wry, unemphatic humour. But Sir Fitzroy's prose harbours—as some noble tree may harbour unawares a detrimental fungus—a *tic* whose recurrence calls, like the cicada's chirrup, for a high degree of acclimatization in the reader. 'The cat, he tells us, was on the mat. Mice, it seems, were her staple diet. Were there, his hosts enquired, such animals in England?' The object of a sentence is to impart information to the reader. Needlessly to interfere with this object, especially as is Sir Fitzroy's habit at the earliest possible stage, hamstringing the finest prose.

His delightful and absorbing anthology throws valuable light on a little-known part of the world and a little-known period of history. Let him devote one (it may take two) of the long winter evenings in Argyll to totting up the number of times he has written 'it seems' without adding anything to the sense of his narrative, and his next book will be even more readable. Which is saying a good deal.

PETER FLEMING

The Onlie Begetter

The Portrait of Mr. W. H.

By Oscar Wilde. Methuen. 15s.

'THE ONLIE BEGETTER of these Insuing Sonnets' has also begotten a remarkable deal of curiosity and controversy about his own identity. No possible claimant has ever raced out clear ahead of the field: two noble horses are generally joint-favourites—Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. There are grave objections to either. A third possibility, based on supposed puns upon the words 'will' and 'hue' in the Sonnets themselves, and mooted by Tyrwhitt so long ago as 1766, is some Mr. William Hughes: this has inherent probability, but unfortunately no documentary evidence of the existence of such a person, of the right period and name and circumstances, has survived. The search for Mr. W. H. is not a mere dry-brained scholars' fancy: it must always remain sad and strange to us that we should only have these most personal poems of the greatest of English poets jumbled in order and obscured in meaning. Any external evidence whatever might prove the key to their restoration and proper understanding.

As is well known, Oscar Wilde devoted his powers to the



Oscar Wilde: one of the drawings by Max Beerbohm from *Max's Nineties*, which has an introduction by Osbert Lancaster (Hart-Davis, 30s.)

untangling of this knottiest of problems and produced his *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.* in 1889. What is not so well known is that he rapidly became dissatisfied with this first version and accordingly re-wrote and expanded it to considerably more than double its original length. The manuscript was in the publisher's hands at the time of his trial, was then returned to his house in his absence, and there presumably stolen. At any rate no more was heard of it until it turned up, in unexplained circumstances, in America in 1921 and was there published in an edition of only a thousand copies. The present edition, tactfully edited and introduced by Mr. Vyvyan Holland, is therefore the first English appearance of *The Portrait of Mr. W. H.*—'one of my early masterpieces', as Wilde himself at the end of his life called it—as the author himself wished it to be.

It is a sparkling piece of work in the ninetyish manner. The critical pill is sweetened with novelistic form, but all the same Wilde's arguments retain much of their cogency. He shakes the cases of the noble Earls pretty definitively: and his placing of Mr. W. H. as a fellow-actor of Shakespeare's, presumably one of the boy-actors who took the heroines' parts (backed as it is by internal evidence in the text itself), is at any rate satisfying emotionally and imaginatively as no other solution up to the present. At times he presses his

argument too far, as when he rashly attempts to prove that the marriage urged upon the young man by the poet is no more than the marriage with Shakespeare's muse: Shakespeare is plainly as universal in his passions as in his genius, not to be artificially constrained within the much narrower limits of the heterodoxy of Wilde. At times, particularly in his arguments drawn from the Elizabethan significations of words, the author would have done well to have had in some sobersided don to share his ivory tower and correct his exuberance—for, poor fellow, he was born too soon for the Oxford English Dictionary. But the total effect is not unconvincing, and not the least remarkable feature is Wilde's own steady common sense and his explicit recognition that his splendid fantasy was after all, in the absence of any sort of documentary support, no more than a seductive dream.

HILARY CORKE

Patrick Brontë

The Father of the Brontës. By Annette B. Hopkins. Oxford, for John Hopkins University Press. 36s.

THIS BOOK IS something of a disappointment after Miss Hopkins's substantial *Elizabeth Gaskell*. It is written to a thesis, namely that except in his attitude to his daughter's marriage—even Miss Hopkins cannot defend that—the Reverend Patrick was a much maligned man.

Miss Hopkins seems to take a superficial, conventional view of family life; she shows no knowledge of the violent stresses and strains which can go on beneath a surface kept placid to outside view by family loyalty, of the sexual jealousy a father may feel towards his daughter, of the feelings of guilt and exasperation which a child may experience towards a parent at once hated and loved. Accordingly, while she presents the existing evidence for and against Mr. Brontë accurately, her interpretations seem often wide of the mark, for she takes everything said at face value.


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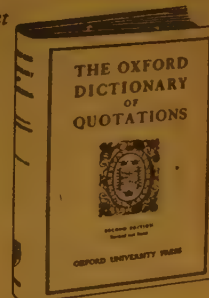
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For example, she gives entire credence to Mr. Brontë's statement that the smell of whisky about him hinted at by a parishioner was due to a rather strong eye-lotion. She believes that Patrick's statement that his children wrote little plays about the Duke of Wellington proves that he knew of the existence of Angria and Gondal, whereas it shows how skilfully the children concealed their dream worlds from their father, for the Angrian Duke of Wellington was emphatically not the English one. She praises Patrick Brontë for yielding his consent at last to the marriage which brought Mr. Nicholls back to the parish, without noticing how unsatisfactory the curate who replaced Mr. Nicholls meanwhile had proved.

On the other hand, Miss Hopkins's comments on Patrick's relations with his unhappy son show perception of the problems these present, and she gives a good account of the qualities which the girls inherited from their father. His independence and integrity, his stubborn courage, his belief in the right of individual freedom of opinion, his sound practical sense and dislike of frills, even to some extent his snobbery and arrogance and sensuality, strongly colour his daughters' writings, and it is useful to have these qualities listed and exemplified.

As the father of a lonely bereaved girl, Patrick Brontë was something of a disaster. As the father of writers of genius, he contributed largely to their genius—Charlotte's dominating heroes certainly derive in part from him, though at a much deeper level of the mind than Miss Hopkins supposes. As a man, he offers a theme for a fine tragic study, which however nobody has yet written.

Her monograph does not presume, says Miss Hopkins, to be a definitive treatment. It seems a pity that, having clearly done the necessary research, she did not choose to prepare a full-length, comprehensive biography, instead of writing a very short text and relegating a mass of information to the notes. As it stands, her work is a useful collection of hitherto scattered reference material, but adds little new to the subject.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Imperial Traditions

Colonial Elites: Rome, Spain and the Americas

By Ronald Syme. Oxford. 7s. 6d.

AT A TIME when the conscience of London is agitated by an outburst of racial prejudice it is apposite to recall how such problems were regarded in other cosmopolitan imperial cities. One of the Latin tags that everyone knows is the phrase in Juvenal about the Orontes pouring its waste waters into the Tiber; he at least was concerned at the infiltration of Rome by Asian immigrants, but, in general, the Romans didn't seem to care and, before long, Syrians and even Arabians appeared in the list of Roman Emperors. Professor Syme reminds us that Spain was the oldest dominion of the Roman Empire, conquered by sea-power, and colonized from the Italian provinces. Spain was Rome's New World, and Roman history, especially literary history, was dominated for generations by returned colonials. The Guadalquivir flowed into the Tiber more notably than did the Orontes. From this consideration, he writes, 'there emerges a theme of no small pertinence. The strength and vitality of an empire is frequently due to the new aristocracy from the periphery. It may be instructive in different ages and civilizations to study the origin, composition and behaviour of colonial élites. . . . And finally, touching the rise and fall of empires, stands the peremptory question about the colonial notables: do they secede from the mother-country, and, if so, for what reasons?'

This is, indeed, a stimulating line of inquiry, which calls for extensive research and copious exposition. Here we have three lectures delivered to a Canadian University, with some pages of annotation which tell the ingenious reader much more of what was in the lecturer's mind. Professor Syme's own field of study is, of course, the Roman Empire and, accordingly, the first of these studies provides the richest harvest. His comments on the Roman 'colonial élite' are of striking interest to students of

modern colonialism. When he proceeds to Spanish and British colonialism he can barely do more than pose the question: Why was Bolivar so anti-Spanish and Jefferson so anti-British, while Martial and Seneca felt no such passionate revulsions against Rome? If history, as Collingwood used to say, consists in asking the right questions, this is history.

C. E. CARRINGTON

Our Greatest Actor

David Garrick. By Carola Oman.

Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

AS FAR AS IT is possible to judge, David Garrick was the greatest actor in the history of the British stage. At least, the evidence to that effect is given by more eminent men than any other actor could adduce. This is not to say that he was greater than certain famous players in every branch of his art. For example, he was probably surpassed by Burbage in sustained power, by Betterton in technique, by Kean in passion, by Macready in majesty, by Irving in the creation of atmosphere, by Forbes-Robertson in diction, by Tree in bizarrerie. But as an actor pure and simple, one who could play every kind of character, comic as well as tragic, and entirely lose his own personality in that of the part, there has been no one like him. So remarkable was his ability in this respect that he could delude his wife. At one performance he was witnessing a play with her from a box. Suddenly he left, saying that something had gone wrong behind the scenes. Except for the dog on her lap, she was alone when the next play started and a rustic lout came forward to recite the prologue. She had not the least idea who the actor was until her dog began to wag its tail, which told her that the uncouth fellow was her husband.

In reading a play to a circle of friends Garrick transformed himself into each character instantaneously. According to Dr. Johnson, he never had the same face in social intercourse for two minutes together, and on the stage the metamorphosis from himself to the individual he was assuming called for no make-up. His body, facial appearance, and voice changed completely, and if such a thing had been possible or desirable, he could have tottered off the stage as King Lear and sprung on to it a moment later as the Fool, no one in the audience suspecting the trick.

But there was another Garrick besides the actor of genius, and it was this other who became rich. He was a keen businessman, making large profits out of Drury Lane Theatre by giving the public what it wanted. Among other things, the public enjoyed what would now be called 'documentaries', stage spectacles of popular topical events, as well as Shakespeare without tears. To make money Garrick produced mutilated versions of Shakespeare's plays. 'Be still, my fluttering heart!' said his Romeo on catching sight of Juliet. Happy endings made the tragedies ridiculous, but nothing could stop him from desecrating the text. He swore that he would not leave the stage until he had improved *Hamlet*, or, as he put it, 'till I had rescued that noble play from all the rubbish of the fifth act'. It is hardly surprising that, when Boswell said Garrick had brought Shakespeare into notice, Johnson should have thundered 'Sir, to allow that would be to lampoon the age'. But the Doctor admitted that David was the cheerfulest of men, and among the many parts he acted so brilliantly was the social lion who kept everyone in rapt admiration or fits of laughter.

A difficult person to recapture in print, and Miss Carola Oman has, perhaps unsuccessfully, not attempted to do it. Instead she has written what may be termed a background biography. She has included a great deal of information that sheds no light on Garrick, for instance, full descriptions of the Hereford inn where he was born, of Covent Garden and its market, of places he visited like Chatsworth, Mistle Hall, Althorp, and of outside historical events. In effect, the figure of Garrick recedes into a view of his period. Miss Oman's narrative style is not helpful. It consists mostly of short sentences, as if the writer were frequently pausing for breath, a mannerism which succeeds in leaving the reader out of breath. On the whole she gives us an overall picture of an age when what we need is an underall portrait of a man.

HESKETH PEARSON

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New Novels

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTS PRESENTS, given or received; if novels were the only presents available, could one find something new for every taste, including one's own, the hardest of all to please? For myself I should choose, with the certainty I should be pleased, *The Stories of Colette* (Secker and Warburg, 21s.) collected for the first time in an English translation. There are few writers more likely to suffer in translation than Colette, because her style is so drenched in pure sensuous feeling that it produces a sense of well-being which seems a part of the language she uses. All one can say is that Miss Antonia White has succeeded in conveying precisely this wonderful effect of style, and there could be no better introduction to Colette's writings than this collection, which contains at least two masterpieces. Colette writes with the wisdom (feminine) of the ages combined with the eye of a child or an animal; she writes as cats might write, which fortunately they can not. Presents are meant to give pleasure; I cannot think of one more likely to do so than this.

There could be no greater contrast to Colette than Mr. A. J. Cronin, and indeed there is something doglike about his clumsy goodwill and the somewhat old-fashioned air of his prose, as of a breed that has gone out of fashion but still has millions of admirers. *The Northern Light* (Gollancz, 15s.) is the story of an attempt by a London combine, first to acquire, then to put out of business, an independent newspaper in the north of England; it is as if Mr. Cecil King or Messrs. Odhams had pounced upon the *Yorkshire Post*. Such a theme is rich in possibilities; Mr. Cronin has enriched it even further with attempted murder, suicide, abortion, and blackmail. But sturdy northern grit, journalistic integrity ('All the news that's fit to print') and local loyalties triumph over the wiles and wealth of city slickers from the south and *The Northern Light* survives to preach its own peculiar combination of Manchester school economics with biblical morality.

On a slightly more sophisticated level, but I am sure without so much popular appeal, is *The Phantom Limb* (Gollancz, 15s.); described by the publishers as 'a deeply impressive novel about a doctor's life and loves', and also 'of compassion, too, and a probing into human souls and minds at once delicate and fearless'. It is not quite that, because one can be as delicate and fearless as one likes in probing into human minds and souls but first of all one should take care that they really are alive before one starts probing. But Mr. Johnston does have an intimate knowledge of the routine of a doctor's life in a provincial town, and also a vivid idea of the domestic horrors which sometimes shelter behind the façade of married life. His hero, Dr. Cornwall, tries to escape from them in the arms both of a literary widow and of his partner's dissatisfied young wife; he also becomes involved in the affairs of a proletarian psychotic who indulges wildly in sex, religious mania, and murder. *The Phantom Limb* should be given to those who do not realize what lives of reckless passion can be lived behind the veil of the National Health Service.

Both *The Northern Light* and *The Phantom Limb*, almost in spite of themselves, make one wonder whether English provincial life can really be as ugly as it is painted in fiction. *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.), a collection of stories by Mr. Truman Capote, is calculated to bring tinsel and glitter into the most stolid English Christmas. Mr. Capote is an extremely clever and accomplished writer, who like Béranger is quite satisfied to allow others to instruct us as long as he can amuse, and this he does brilliantly. The long story which gives the book its title records the adventures of Miss Helen Golightly, whose ambition it is to wake up one morning and have breakfast at Tiffany's. She does not quite achieve this, even in Brazil, but in the course of her attempts to do so she reveals herself as one of those delightful young bitches who are among America's most successful literary exports. One shudders at what would happen if she invaded the English market; Dr. Cornwall would certainly not be able to cope with her and *The Northern Light* would reserve its gravest notes of condemnation for her morality. But her economics are those of the purest Manchester school.

GORONWY REES

Detection Etcetera

STANLEY HYLAND's first novel *Who Goes Hang* (Gollancz, 15s.) is something of a Chinese puzzle. An apparently mid-nineteenth-century body is found in the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament and a self-appointed parliamentary committee uncovers a mid-nineteenth-century story to account for it, involving such an exciting search in suitable records as only an ex-research librarian could present. Then, by means of a clue initially available to the perhaps unusually well-informed reader, the whole investigation is beautifully turned inside out. My only doubt about this exceptionally well-constructed story is whether Mr. Hyland hasn't finally been so clever as to cut himself.

The snag of suspense stories lies in making it credible that any woman could be quite so silly as not to seek, far too soon for the story, sensible help. This snag Celia Fremlin has overcome. In her first detective novel, *The Hours Before Dawn* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), her heroine is a middle-class mother with virtually no help, dragging out her life in such chronic fatigue as never to be sure that her fears are not fantasies. The suburban neighbourhood life is hideously well-constructed and clues—unusual in this kind of book—are available for the percipient reader to discover why the sinister, intelligent Miss Brandon came to lodge and to menace.

William Haggard's second novel *The Telemann Touch* (Cassell, 13s. 6d.) is a clever and original industrial thriller where the hero—representative of an oil company struggles on a small island to master a splendidly absurd enemy agent. Only Joanna Cannan really loathes her detective, genteel Superintendent Price, and her appraisal of his language and habits in *And Be a Villain* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), as in previous books, is horribly adroit. His only disadvantage, detection-wise, is that his creator's social sympathies insure that his suspects are innocent, but enough nasty possibilities are also provided. *One Step from Murder* (Collins, 10s. 6d.) is the best of Laurence Meynell's I have read. A likeable ex-gaolbird, of whose moral resolution neither he nor we can be sure, is trying to make good in a small town. The reality-level of trade, behaviour, and ending is unusually high. Harry Carmichael's *A Question of Time* (Crime Club, 10s. 6d.), is concerned with the efforts of an unfaithful husband to prove himself guiltless of his mistress's murder, an innocent Raskolnikov against a sympathetic policeman.

In *A Long Hard Look* (Crime Club, 10s. 6d.), Malcolm Gair's second story, Mark Raeburn investigates the apparent sex-murder of a pathetically dissolute woman; excitement, emotion and proper detection all play proportioned and interesting parts. In *Spotted Hemlock* (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) the background of agricultural colleges, male and female, gives to Gladys Mitchell's Dame Beatrice almost a bucolic flavour. The mystery of the body in the coach receives some solid old-fashioned unravelling. *Coffin Scarcely Used* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) is a first novel and worth notice for the promising construction of its small-town setting and whited-sepulchre citizens. But Colin Watson must learn the capacities of experienced readers who can solve the clue of the small ad, as soon as offered.

Agatha Christie's *Ordeal by Innocence* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is better than her last book. Neither Poirot nor Marple appears. Clues are just adequate but—unlike Mrs. Christie's usual practice—distribution of sympathy leaves only two serious suspects. The new Margery Allingham, *Hide My Eyes* (Chatto and Windus, 13s. 6d.) is disappointing. This book is best recommended as a straight thriller with some nice touches of grotesque. In *The Christmas Egg* (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.) Mary Kelly's glamorous Brett Nightingale investigates a Fabergé mystery that would have been very good had not its admirably sordid beginning melted away into such confused melodrama.

Death is an Artist by Stephen Gardiner (Barker, 11s. 6d.) seems to be a first novel and, if so, is distinctly promising. A painter dies, his wife behaves oddly, his friend is worried. Though we all suspect bashed-in faces now, people and their behaviour are credible and the only lack is of density. *A Sour Apple Tree* by John Blackburn (Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d.) is that rarity the real horror-story. Its dotty suicidal murders are so thrilling, that even its ridiculous ending is acceptable.

MARGHANITA LASKI

Children's Books

Senior Bookshelf

FACED WITH A SEVEN-FOOT pile of children's books, a reviewer flinches. How do justice to so much endeavour in a space so small? How indicate the purpose of each book?

Top of my list I put *The Sparrow Child*, by Meriol Trevor (Collins, 10s. 6d.), a literally entrancing story of Philip Sparrow, aged thirteen, visiting his grown-up cousins in a very old Cornish house, in which legend has it that the Holy Grail is hidden. In the house are three men, the three kings of the Grail legend, and the action of the story replays the legend in modern terms. Thus baldly stated, this sounds grim. But the author has depicted all her characters with such psychological realism that the fusion of legend and contemporary story is complete. The study of Mirabel, a difficult child who is made a pawn in a family feud, is beautifully done. *The Sparrow Child* is resonant on several different levels and could be read annually from the age of ten to sixteen with new meanings emerging. Doctrinaire agnostics should, however, be warned that Meriol Trevor and most of her characters believe in God. So do the characters in *The Children's Crusade*, by Henry Treece (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.). My daughter aged twelve liked this book; she thought other children might find it a bit 'preachy' but didn't herself. The writing is rather stilted, and the book might be better to borrow than to own.

Drem, a boy living on the South Downs in the Bronze Age, is the hero of *Warrior Scarlet*, by Rosemary Sutcliff (Oxford, 12s. 6d.). It is a remarkable reconstruction of a past boyhood in terms with which we are familiar from Naomi Mitchison; not every child's Christmas present, but perfect for the boy interested in past ages. *Quinn of the Fury*, by Showell Styles (Faber, 12s. 6d.), is a sequel to *Midshipman Quinn*, and is an amusing, exciting, well-written instalment in the life of the teen-ager's Hornblower. Captain Frank Knight's new story, *The Partick Steamboat* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), is also laid in Napoleonic times, with the building of the first steam-boats on the Clyde, a book, I suspect, more for boys than girls. *Mist over Athelney*, by Geoffrey Trease (Macmillan, 13s. 6d.), tells how two English children warned King Alfred of Wessex of the treacherous Danish King Guthrum's attack; it is a good present for the ten- to thirteen-year-olds. *Japanese Tales and Legends*, retold by Helen and William McAlpine and illustrated by Kiddell-Monroe (Oxford, 15s.), lacks the charm of *The Japanese Fairy Book*, by Yei Theodora Ozaki with Fujiyama's illustrations (alas! long out of print), but it fills a gap.

There are a number of translated children's books. *Pouk's Gang*, by Léonce Bourliaguet, translated by Monica Burns (University of London Press, 12s. 6d.), won the Prix Enfance du Monde. It is laid in the Pyrenees and describes the war of 'exmiternation' between Pouk's Gang, the Wild Goats, and the children of the workers in the new oilfields, led by a German boy nicknamed The Eiderdown. It is very well done. *The Children of the Marshes*, by Michel-Aimé Baudouy, translated by G. Hopkins (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.), is about Juan, a weakling son of a Spanish landowner and a gang of Sevillian newspaper boys, who are crazy about bull-fighting. The theme is 'The weak, especially the weak, must learn to look out for themselves!' It has a moral sturdiness, but the style is a bit stiff in places. Another book that introduces the subject of bull-fighting is *The Shouting Dies Away*, by Jean Denys, translated by E. Hyams (Longmans, 13s. 6d.). A Mexican boy tries to deliver a bull calf from its death in the ring. Like *Robinson Crusoe*, it was not issued primarily as a children's book, but is excellent teen-age reading and a book to keep.

In *River Giant*, translated by O. Coburn (MacGibbon and Kee, 15s.), Roger Currel, another Frenchman, takes us on safari through central Africa to destroy a huge hippopotamus with a harpoon in his nose. The Swedish author, Albert Viksten, tells the story of

Gumilla, translated by G. Lannestock (Constable, 12s. 6d.), a polar bear cub, adopted by a Spitzbergen trapper, her life and death and the survival of one of her twins. René Guillot in *Prince of the Jungle*, translated by Brian Rhys (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), conducts us to India and reverses the situation. Raani, an Indian prince, is proclaimed leader of his tribe after the murder of his father, but it is the jungle which must ratify the choice of man, and Raani must be adopted by Sharka the tiger, lord of the jungle, before he can be leader of his people.

Also laid in India is *Chokra and Tags*, by John Michael (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). It is dedicated to 'the children and grandchildren of those of us who served in British India'. Despite this nostalgic note, it is well written and exciting in an old-fashioned way. Even more old-fashioned is *The Boys' Book of the Jungle*, by Major General R. N. Stewart (Chambers, 8s. 6d.), which, despite its title, is a rattling yarn about searching for Inca gold with Gonzales, who exclaims 'Carramba!' when roused, and Olaf, who says things like 'Huh! Doan you hab a ting called de Loch Ness Monster in Scotland?' Good stuff for boys before they wear long trousers.

I am allergic to horsey books, but my children liked *Nancy and the Carrs*, by Kathleen Mackenzie (Evans, 10s. 6d.), *Steep Farm Stables*, by Mona Sandler (Country Life, 10s. 6d.), and *The Trick Jumpers*, by Josephine Pullett-Thompson (Collins, 10s. 6d.). They also enjoyed *The Cownappers*, by Monica Edwards (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—television comes to darkest Surrey—and Lorna Wood's *Holiday on Hot Bricks* (Dent, 12s. 6d.), though they did not consider this last as good as her earlier *Rescue by Broomstick* and *The Hag calls for Help*. From the fact that they did not touch Elyne Mitchell's *The Silver Brumby* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), about a wild horse in Australia, I assume this book appeals to readers of fourteen upwards; I found it good.

E. W. Hildick has announced that no suitable books are being written for secondary modern schoolboys, who, according to his theory, cannot project themselves into the lives of anybody except secondary modern schoolboys. In *Jim Starling* and *Jim Starling and the Agency* (Chatto and Windus, 8s. 6d. each) he sets out to repair the breach. *Jim Starling* should end on page 73, but to keep it going for another hundred pages the author gives a twist

which did not convince me. The second book is more successful, and delighted my elder daughter, perhaps because she is not a secondary modern schoolboy.

Barbara Ker Wilson has constructed a pleasant Victorian cavalcade round a patch-work quilt in *Path through the Woods* (Constable, 12s. 6d.), a well-mannered book. And Dent's have published two long-short stories by Johanna Spyri, under the title *All Alone in the World*, for those who long to read something else by the author of *Heidi* (price 12s. 6d.).

There remain the books of instruction and pictorial delight. Geoffrey Grigson combines imagination and exact information in *Looking and Finding and Collecting and Reading and Investigating and Much Else* (Phoenix House, 9s. 6d.), Victorian in its inspiration, contemporary in its matter. Four 'Real Books' come from Dobson at 10s. 6d. each on *Games*, *Magic*, *Red Indians*, and *Electronics*. The last is highly recommended by a schoolboy of fifteen, who also applauded *The Boys' Book of Astronomy*, by Patrick Moore (Burke, 9s. 6d.). *The Book of Experiments*, by Leonard de Vries (Murray, 15s.), fascinated me, but I failed to do any of them. From Rathbone Books come *The Story of Evolution* (17s. 6d.) told by Sir Julian Huxley, with a series of strange pictures, and a beautiful collection of 273 colour photographs illustrating Walt Disney's *Worlds of Nature*, by Rutherford Platt (25s.). Finally there is the sumptuous *New Encyclopaedia for the Younger Generation* (Spring Books, 17s. 6d.). It is really a thumbnail sketch of the universe and man's place in it rather than an encyclopaedia, and like all the books in this last paragraph eminently suitable for Christmas.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL



An illustration by Charles Keeping from *Warrior Scarlet*

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Younger Bookshelf

NO ONE WHO has ever seen a well-read and well-read-to ten year old make a dive for a pile of old comics and illustrated books for under sixes will ever be quite certain about age groups again. But the books recommended here can all be read and looked at without boredom or embarrassment by anyone of any age, if the moment is right.

In the 'more pictures than words' class there are several books of comforting elegance and wit, with enough simple repetition for the very young to take in. *The Unhappy Hippopotamus*, by Nancy Moore (Collins, 10s. 6d.), has a touch of American, sophisticated satire that is a pleasure for mother but does not make the simplicity of the story uneasy or the moral sly. Harriet is a dear, silly creature. *Petunia*, written and illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.), is another egocentric who learns by experience: the farmyard drawings are hilarious and not too coy. *The Little Bear*, by Else Holmelund Minarik, pictures by Maurice Sendak (World's Work, 9s. 6d.), is described as an 'I can read' book, and has sentences formed in a slightly formal, reading-book manner. But the relations between these endearing bears (mother and son) is truly imagined, and the pictures are touching. Charlotte Hough has written and illustrated a gay and moral tale about a guinea-pig puffed up with pride, *The Story of Mr. Pinks* (Faber, 9s. 6d.), and it has a little more text to bite on. So has *Anatole and the Cat*, by Eve Titus, pictures by Paul Galdone (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.). This has everything: cats, mice, cheese, ingenuity, charm. All these books have a distinction of presentation and certainty of approach that too many lack.

There are always a few books that have to overcome a nicely-brought-up feeling that they are a bit vulgar, or a bit ugly, or a bit immoral (children don't suffer from this), and *How St. Francis Tamed the Wolf*, by Elizabeth and Gerald Rose (Faber, 12s. 6d.), is one of these. But its good-humoured brightness and brisk text overcome all scruples. Before we leave the picture books there are four new adventures by old favourites. Zozo is fresh as ever in *Zozo gets a Medal*, by H. A. Rey (Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.), with neither text nor pictures dimmed. Madeline shows slight signs of over-strain in *Madeline and the Bad Hat*, by Ludwig Bemelmans (Deutsch, 15s.); drawings that charm are not enough if the story is as muddled as this is. The Little Red Engine and Orlando both suffer from over-ingenuity and elaboration in the new books *The Little Red Engine Goes Home*, by Diana Ross, pictures by Leslie Wood (Faber, 10s. 6d.), and *Orlando's Magic Carpet*, written and illustrated by Kathleen Hale (Murray, 5s.)—but they are such old loves that they will probably be forgiven for being a bit above themselves.

The numbers are overwhelming. One publisher—Hamish Hamilton—has produced eighteen, in two series, 'Antelope' books for fives to sevens and 'Reindeer' books for sevens to tens. They are all adequate stories about nice families with occasional sympathetic excursions into the delinquent classes and represent the exact equivalent for children of the stories in the better class of women's magazines. They are readable, humane, moral—and undistinguished. Less sane, and infinitely more enjoyable, than all these active children are the Moomins; very much an acquired taste and once got, I hope never forgotten. *Moominland Midwinter*, by a Swedish author, Tove Jansson (Benn, 11s. 6d.), is my first experience of them, boot-faced lunatics with much domestic charm and a lot of inconsequent friends. From Sweden too is *Eric and Karlsson-on-the-Roof*, by Astrid Lindgren (Oxford, 9s. 6d.), the creator of that agreeable ruffian Pippi Longstocking. Karlsson is not up to Pippi but he does quite well. *Piruwayu and the Rainbow*, by Gilles Saint-Cérère, with illustrations by Bettina (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), is a series of adventures in each of which

Piruwayu collects a feather of one colour of the rainbow for his head-dress. He is helped by his pet chameleon and many ingenious birds and beasts. More down to earth is *Brighteyes*, by Fritz Reinhardt (Constable, 10s. 6d.), the story of an ordinary family and a golden hamster into which the author neatly incorporates facts about hamsters' natural habitat and habits.

For girls up to twelve there are two rather ambitious time-dream fantasies. The first is of the Mrs. Molesworth variety, but not so smoothly contrived. In *Tom's Midnight Garden*, by Philippa Pearce (Oxford, 10s. 6d.), Tom is staying with his uncle and aunt in an old, big house now converted into flats. He intrudes into the life that once went on there, but also seems to enter the dreams of the old lady living in the top flat (who of course was the heroine of the early history). It takes too long to tell the story by this complex means. The other, *Marianne Dreams*, by Catherine Storr (Faber, 12s. 6d.), is a strange attempt to equate the recoveries of two sick children (known to each other only by the casual words of a common governess) in their dreams. The dreams are instituted by Marianne, the less ill of the two, who draws a *venu* for them when she is awake, to which she adds day by day. The author understands illness and its ill-humours and points the moral un-laboriously. For girls, too, is the true story of the struggle of a pioneer family in America a hundred years ago: *On the Banks of Plum Creek*, by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), is saved from goody goodness by the physical realities the family had to face: fire, flood, plague (real Biblical locusts) and privation, and by the naturalness of the telling. Another book in which information about other



One of the pictures by Edward Leight from *The Unhappy Hippopotamus*

ways of life is skilfully woven into a touching human story is *Plum-blossom and Kai Lin*, translated from the German of Hedwig Weiss-Sonnenburg by Joyce Emerson (University of London Press, 12s. 6d.). It is a tale of emancipation and civil war in China, but not overloaded with instruction. From the German too comes an outstanding book, *The Girl from Nowhere*, by Hertha von Gebhardt (University of London Press, 12s. 6d.), translated by James Kirkup. This is the story of the reactions of a streetful of working-class children to the appearance amongst them of a stranger, Magdalene, who, because she is too shy and also too proud to explain herself, becomes the centre of improbable and often unkind conjecture. When one rumour is dispelled another takes its place: the children refuse to be cheated of their mysteries, as far as they are children, and as human animals they cannot relinquish their hatred of non-conformity.

There are some rattling good stories for boys and girls from ten up: *Mimff Robinson*, by H. J. Kaeser; he gets his desert island life after a few false starts—technical but jolly; *Devils Hill*, by Nan Chauncy (both Oxford, 10s. 6d.), convincing and heart-warming bush stuff, not too much peppered with 'too right' and 'good on yer'.

Many of the poetry books I have seen this year are spoilt by fussy, sentimental illustration. One of the worst is a new edition of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* (Faber, 10s. 6d.), with a blurb that explains that 'no complete edition with illustrations suitable for children exists'. Well, I suppose we should be thankful that they think the poems suitable for children. However, Fabers are also responsible for by far the best new anthology: *The Faber Book of Nursery Verse*, chosen by Barbara Ireson (25s.).

There are one or two instructive books: *Insect Engineers*, by Ruth Bartlett (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.),—ants, of course—well done and with careful instructions how to start an ant colony for observation. *Introducing Man* (Methuen, 9s. 6d.), by William and Helena Bullough, is the last of a series from the beginnings of animal life. Last, there is *The Story of Music*, by Benjamin Britten and Imogen Holst, with a text as clear and persuasive as one would expect (Rathbone Books, 17s. 6d.). Rathbone Books have always claimed that their books are beautifully illustrated, and this one really is.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

America in Action

VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON was the guest in last Friday's 'Press Conference', which was broadcast on the B.B.C. Home Service as well as on television: an acknowledgment of the power and glamour of American political institutions, and of the personality of the present holder of an

to see for myself: and this is just the kind of good television can do. I found the pictures powerful and exciting both for the originality of their vision and for the complexity and continuity—the almost terrifying precision—of their organization, achieved by methods which might seem haphazard. 'Monitor' also showed us a film of Pollock at work, with a commentary by himself. This was dramatically revealing: Pollock standing over his canvases, sloshing on the paint, wrestling with his material as Jacob

buildings, hotels, and so on, on top of the existing railway depot, in layers: on top of the railways, garages; above them the shops; with a roof-garden over all. The pavements would be separated from the roads so that shoppers and children could walk in safety and peace. This idea has already been put into practice in Sweden. Will it ever be done here? Our authorities are afraid to spend money on a clean sweep; they prefer to tinker and compromise with existing muddles and so create worse ones. This

programme must surely have provoked some of us to take a fresh look at the sort of surroundings in which we have condemned ourselves to spend our lives.

Last Friday's 'Second Enquiry' dealt with unemployment in Wales, which has gravely increased since Robert Reid last reported in 1952. In some places—Llanelly, for instance—one man in twelve is out of work. By an ironic paradox, this is partly the result of modernization, which has led to the closing down of obsolete plants. In some cases, the transition has proceeded without hard-

ship; but the picture on the whole was a grim one: stagnation in Cardiff docks, unsold coal piling up, slate quarries closing down in face of competition from cheaper roofing materials (this is happening in Cornwall too, in places where there is no other work at all). This was a valuable social document which took trouble over its facts and treated people as individuals.

The programme on India in 'The Inheritors' series (November 25) contained some interesting interviews with Mr. Nehru and other notables; it also contained some unabashed propaganda. Communism was the bogey, and our traditions (including Christianity and railways) the basis on which, Mr. Crawley patronisingly thought, 'India may succeed'. Whether she 'succeeds' or not, India will continue to resist such naive attempts to reflect her infinite complexities. At one point the Minister of Finance spoke of accepting one's destiny and believing in the goodness of God. 'Do you find fasting a relaxation?' Mr. Crawley inquired kindly.

K. W. GRANSDEN

DRAMA

Two from Miss Dane

TO CELEBRATE the fourth centenary of Queen Elizabeth I's accession to the throne we had on Sunday a treatment by Clemence Dane of the reign's earliest years. Its title, 'Till Time Shall End', might have had a secondary caption, 'Not Getting Married'. Would the young Queen, so urgently beset with matrimonial advice, take a foreign potentate, unknown save by the name of his country, the native, dashing and much-favoured Leicester, or none at



'Monitor' on November 23: above, still from a film of Jackson Pollock at work on one of his paintings; left, the plan of an 'ideal city' designed by five architects who believe that architecture is 'building for a whole society'

office previously considered obscure. As an experiment I listened without looking for the first five minutes or so. The answers were coming out with a formidable, almost machine-like fluency. Then I turned back to the screen and caught one of Mr. Nixon's rare and charming smiles; it seemed to warm up his rather formal answers and to humanize what on sound alone seemed merely a professional performance. Mr. Nixon was obviously determined not to spoil his successful visit in its last half-hour; he took every question with polite seriousness but was concerned to consolidate rather than to break new ground. Asked about his own controversial career he was very properly unapologetic and quoted with approval a salty Trumanism: 'If you can't take the heat you should get out of the kitchen'. If it is a matter of taking the heat, Mr. Nixon seems likely to stay in the political kitchen for a long time yet.

Although the American painter Jackson Pollock died in 1956, he is still very much alive, both through his own work and through his world-wide influence. 'Monitor' (November 23) took us to the Whitechapel Art Gallery, where an exhibition of some of his paintings and drawings will be on view until December 7. What we saw of the actual pictures did not, and could not, tell us much: quite apart from the intensity of Pollock's colours (and even his use of black and white produces effects far stronger than anything the grey screen can convey), his designs are often intricate and his canvases are mostly very large and need to be seen standing well back as well as close to. But the 'Monitor' item sent me, as it must have done others, to Whitechapel

wrestled with the angel. After seeing this film one really understood the meaning of the term 'Action painting'.

This was a particularly good 'Monitor'. It also included a challenging item called 'The Living Suburb'. On the site of Boston Manor in west London, five architects, who believe that architecture is not just buildings in isolation but building for a whole society, have planned an ideal city. The area as it actually exists is divided clean in two by twenty acres of railway sidings and depots; it has no real shopping centre but is a typical 'residential' district with rows of semi-detached villas. The planners have designed a new shopping centre, complete with public



'The Inheritors' on November 25: two girls spinning coconut fibre in southern India



Gwen Watford as Queen Elizabeth I and Tony Britton as Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards Earl of Leicester, in 'Till Time Shall End' on November 30

all? Since we all knew the answer, there could be no suspense and the value of the piece lay hardly at all in event and much in personality.

It became a threesome with Cecil (Alan Webb) being tactful, Leicester (Tony Britton) being tumultuous, and the Queen herself being anguished, hesitant, and finally devoted to a singleness of royal purpose, her nation's spouse. Michael Barry's production concentrated rightly on the close photography of individuals. Barry Learoyd's decoration gave clever suggestion of Tudor majesty but, without the colour so essential to a picture of the period, it had to remain a plain statement. The emphasis was on the moods of Elizabeth and with fine subtlety Gwen Watford portrayed them, giving us the highly educated girl and not the explosive, loose-mouthed Queen of later years. There was also a no less fine power to vary the moods and this was much needed since the discussion of marriage was almost continuous and risked monotony.

Clemence Dane had provided the Queen with some capital soliloquies which were spoken by Miss Watford with the force, clarity, and feeling they deserved. Alan Webb's Cecil and Tony Britton's Leicester were in excellent contrast and Fabia Drake, as the royal attendant Ashley, made that much-tried lady most human and movingly tender when tenderness was needed.

'Granite' (November 25) was a version of an early play by Miss Dane, now produced by Brandon Acton-Bond in the West of England studio. The scene is storm-bound Lundy Island at the time of the Napoleonic Wars. Here Jordan Morris is a rascally king of the granite castle: his much-enduring wife is relieved of his tyrannical presence and also of her second mate, his half-brother, by a shipwrecked Stranger of mysterious power. He may or may not be the Devil himself, but he is certainly the devil of a hand at getting rid of husbands. Having slain to conquer, he stays to reign among the rocks.

This was not the kind of story that anybody could believe in the chill of print. Film-cameras roaming round the cliffs might have made it a spectacle. On the stage some uninhibited histrionics might have made it a passable melodrama. The television team, having to strive on a screen with Satanism at large in the Bristol Channel, fought a losing battle against Lucifer. Donald Pleasance was just the right player for the uncannily canny man from the sea, but it was hard for the others to accommodate the lurid make-believe of the diabolonian tale to the intimacy of a fireside 'set'. They were not to be blamed. For me at least, mysterious and satanic strangers are bores who will kill any story and defy any actor.

The Canadian 'Ice on Fire' (November 27), written by Len Peterson and produced by W. T. Kotcheff, left us in no doubt that the financiers behind spectacular ice-hockey can be even tougher than the players themselves. The story of the star performer who was thought to be slowing down and made a crashing return included plenty of startling shots of a team in action as well as of a board room in acrimony. The pace was suitably frantic and tempers high. The ice was indeed ablaze. There was a fine, hard-bitten performance of an Angry Old Man by Mavor Moore, while the troubles of the dwindling but not extinct star player were capably sustained by Bill Walker.

If an ice-rink asks for television, Charles Dickens does not.

consequently I am not disappointed by what I am receiving. Fay Compton's intervention in a tiny part was a gem: more, please, of her in television casting.

The Monday night series by Ken Hughes, called, for a reason which at present eludes me, 'Solo for Canary', introduces producer Andrew Osborn as an actor and an impressive one too. He plays the part of Superintendent Maddern, a Scotland Yard detective called in to investigate a murder of which he is seemingly guilty himself and to which he actually pleads guilty. In all the wilderness of crime fiction, where situations are bound to be repeated, I have not met this one before.

All the evidence points against Maddern. But is he the victim of an intricate plot? Or is he a Jekyll-and-Hyde type who is, unknown to himself, a 'cop' one day and a criminal the next? Or is he a neurotic madly afflicted with a sense of guilt (for another offence) and condemning himself to ease his conscience? The mystery keeps me guessing and most reluctant to miss a Maddern Monday.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Tackled with Drive

MR. RAYMOND RAIKES'S PRODUCTION of Thomas Dekker's 'The Shoemakers' Holiday' augured well for the series which was opened with this play. If the other seven plays in 'British Drama 1600-1642' are tackled with the same drive and feeling for the medium, listeners will learn new things about our theatrical heritage and enjoy themselves at the same time.

There was respect but no false reverence for Dekker here, as Mr. Raikes felt his way towards the equivalent of the kind of production which once pleased the old Queen on New Year's Day in 1600. Because he forced his cast to delineate character and did not allow them to indulge in historically minded caricatures, he made this mirthful pageant by the Elizabethan's Damon Runyon live again. That Runyon should spring to mind is not derogatory to him or to Dekker. Nor is it a slight to Mr. John Hotchkis, whose fine music resurrected songs which have been sung flat and apologetically for too long and which were led into the action in a manner reminiscent of the technique of the American musical. It was right that the music was used in such a manner and it was right because Dekker's 'pleasant comedy of the gentle craft'



'Ice on Fire' on November 27, with Bill Walker (standing) as Nick Phillips, and (right) Mavor Moore as Jamieson

So sizeable as well as notable as a novel as *Our Mutual Friend* (November 28), with its tangle of melodramatic plot as well as its exuberance of comic character, cannot be easily apprehended on the screen. Television acting is supposed to keep quiet and thin. But then, Veneering, Podsnap, Wegg and the rest must be large to be at all themselves. However, Freda Lingstrom's adaptation and Douglas Allen's production seemed as good as might be when all the difficulties are remembered. I did not expect to see Dickens in his rich entirety, and



Scene from 'Granite' on November 25, with (left to right) Lockwood West as a clergyman, Michael Atkinson as Prosper, Sian Phillips as Judith Morris, Donald Pleasance as a Nameless Man, and Sylvia Davies as Penny Holt

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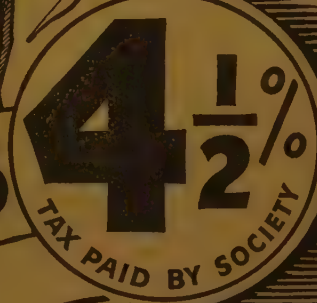
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has more affinity with the work of the late Tommy Handley or Mr. Al Read than it has with, say, the work of Mr. T. S. Eliot.

'The Shoemakers' Holiday' is not a polite comedy of manners; it is a romp made meaningful by the punch of its social observations. In the English rather than the Roman tradition of Jonson, it contains our first comic foreigners and—saving Kyd's 'Goe by, Heronimo!' which was not intentional—our first catchphrase. But let that pass. For this new vision of the play, which I have only once seen on the stage when it was done too solemnly by students, I am also indebted to the cast led by Sir Donald Wolfitt. Simon Eyre was not only a mad benevolent rascal; Sir Donald deftly managed the voice inflexions which announced his rise in social status. In this stage portrait of a society on the move Mr. Geoffrey Mathews's Firk, Miss Vivienne Chatterton's Margery, Mr. Charles Leno's Hodge and Miss Eva Huszar's Jane filled their canvases with firm but gay brush strokes. Memory of their scene at St. Faith's Church provokes one last piece of praise for Mr. Raikes, who placed his mad Cappadocians at different microphones and thus hinted at the use that he will make of stereophonic techniques when they become standard.

'The Locked Door', by Herr Fred von Hoerschelmann, was a curious German piece about an individual German's responsibility for the life of a Jew in Nazi Poland. It was curious because it pretended to go to the bottom of the problem without actually doing so. Baron Kedell and his wife move into a Polish country house in 1939 to find the Jewish owner skulking in the attic. Dr. Levi is ill and the Baron saves his life by pretending that he is his brother who can of course get medical attention. For five years the Baron hides Dr. Levi even though he does not like the man or his race. When the Russians advance Dr. Levi dies helping the Baron escape.

Though this play no doubt went far enough in German ears, British ones could not help noticing that nothing was ever said about the Baron's crime in accepting the spoils which were given to him by his Jew-baiters. The greater crimes in Poland were whitewashed by making it clear that Poles also did not like Jews. When the Gestapo, who were about to discover the Baron's secret, fled the country, Herr von Hoerschelmann contributed yet once more to the myth that the good Germans were deserted in a battle they should have won. The fact that this play was well made cannot prevent the realization that, barring noble exceptions like Herr Ernst Schnabel, the Germans have still a long way to go in the examination of their guilt.

A spate of half-hour plays is forcing some extremely good ones into off-peak hours in the schedules. Two plays which should be repeated at more popular hours are Mr. George Moor's 'Snowbound' and Herr Werner Aspenström's 'The Poet and the Emperor'. Mr. Moor's piece took one as in a dream to a snowbound barn in the Lake District and revealed almost casually that the child sheltering from the storm and watching a pedlar die was Dorothy Wordsworth. There was the stuff of poetry here and, in the way the voices walked out into the morning snows, the stuff of broadcasting, too. Herr Aspenström's play, which was translated from the Swedish by Mr. P. Britten Austin, was a delightful fable about tyranny. The Poet sleeps even though the Emperor has commanded that no one shall do so. When he is caught, the Emperor commands him to write a poem on peace, which makes him conclude that the Emperor is just about to go to war. He frightens the Emperor by telling him that the enemy has bigger guns, and his sleeping example is followed by so many of the Emperor's subjects that he becomes the unwitting leader of counter-revolu-

tion. But poets can never be tyrants, and the play ends with everybody, including the Emperor, asleep. The Swedes have a unique vantage point from which to view the world's current follies, and it is a pity that few people realize how much they are writing and saying. Herr Aspenström is one of many.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Habit of Discussion

HABITED IN ALL the voluminous robes of tutorial perfection, three Oxford dons gave us the benefit last Friday, in the Third, of a fifty-minute debate on something called 'The Habit of Violence'. I am still wondering whether this title was allotted in advance or arrived at (after a council of despair?) as a cloak, so to speak, for a discussion which no titular garment would readily cover. Can the term 'habit' be made to fit violence of any description?

Distrustful to start with, we might still have expected that the intention was to illuminate and explain the nature of violence in some of its current manifestations. But if so we were putting the cart before the horse. We were reckoning without our Oxford. If nothing else was quickly established, it was made clear at least that the aim was rather to estimate how far the consciousness of persistent violence in the modern world was to affect the nature of philosophical thought. Even after reversing expectations, and adjusting my sights, I found it hard to plot the course of discussion. The nub of it all seemed to be a dreadfully long way from the periphery. And if I try to define the orbits of the three contestants, you must not expect too much in the way of relevance to the central, burning question.

Broadly, Miss Iris Murdoch's plea was for a new conviction, a new ideal, based on a 'non-empirical image of oneself' as a spur to progress, and an answer—presumably—to the 'irrationality' of violence. Charles Taylor, in his own orbit, was much preoccupied with the dangers of mass suggestion, on an Orwellian scale, and where it might lead. Stuart Hampshire, in justifiable protest against this idea of humanity as a system of conditioned reflexes, put in a counter-plea on behalf of what he called liberalism—'the belief that self-conscious choices are of supreme value'. Thence we proceeded to an admission that such choices may not be so enlightened as they seemed in the liberal nineteenth century. Freud was invoked as the discoverer of 'irrational' elements in the psyche which revealed the drastic limits of the self-conscious mind; and Marx as the prophet of rationalized developments which failed to develop according to plan.

But before reaching this point, I began to feel that jaded watchwords were being bandied about, and simple assumptions left unexamined. 'Liberalism' for instance. In this field of discussion the term is as historic as 'noble savage'. It will do as a party label, but as a definition we must surely reject it as either too vague in a modern context or too much worn by its past history to be worth the reminding. And then, 'irrationality': it seemed to me that Miss Murdoch, from a height, dismissed a great deal under this heading which needs looking into. Freud's mission, after all, was to find the reasons for the previously inexplicable features of dreams and neurotic behaviour. Is racial friction, from a similar point of view, so very irrational? To ignore or condemn the racial factor as merely irrational is as bad as to be dominated by it. The one attitude aggravates the other.

Behind the whole discussion hovered a simple proposition—never examined—equating non-violence with the rational and the good, and violence with their opposites. If strife is the

father of all things, I suspect that the components of the equation will have to be broken up and re-examined before some of the conviction and intensity which Yeats saw as being the monopoly of 'the worst' can be wrested back and restored to 'the best'. A negative good cannot fill a vacuum.

Whatever its faults, this debate took place at a level of thinking where urgency has to give way to deliberation. Urgency was given its dues in Friday evening's discussion of the situation in West Berlin. This came off much better than the average behind-the-news debate. There was no stone-walling. All the participants, from Bonn to New York, were eager to argue the issue, and the whole hideous problem was lit up from all sides. Of other items of the week I have space only to mention Kenneth Harris's 'Workshop', as lively as ever: I never tire of listening to the local industrial magnate pleading for special concessions which will, of course, benefit the community at large—the theme has endless variations. And the liveliest talk of the week was Tom Harrison's, from Sarawak. This (unscripted?) was straight from the cave-mouth where the speaker, among occasional scorpions and a rare interloping leopard, is busy unearthing layer after undisturbed layer of historic and prehistoric finds. If a few uninvited assistants turn up next season in Sarawak Mr. Harrison has only himself to blame.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Così fa Salzburg

THE THIRD AND LAST of the Italian comedies of Mozart and da Ponte is the most sophisticated and subtle, the most aristocratic in taste. Its characters move in a world of fantasy as far removed from reality as *Alice in Wonderland*. But, as in 'Alice', once the author's premisses are granted, the action so far from being nonsensical is perfectly logical. Reduced to bare outline the scenario of *Così fan tutte* can be made to look trivial. But da Ponte's wit and Mozart's music transmute it into ideal comedy, at once artificial and intensely human. The equivocal character of the opera at once teases and fascinates by its show of warm emotion and human hearts beneath the elegance and frivolity of the surface. We are never sure—are they ever sure themselves?—how far the pairs of lovers are sincere in their love-making.

Such an opera requires for its proper presentation a comic style more elegant and sharp-pointed than that appropriate to the operettas of Johann Strauss. It requires, too, a musical understanding of the operatic and dramatic conventions which Mozart here parodies with a brilliance comparable with Max Beerbohm's 'A Christmas Garland'. The burlesque of the *comédie larmoyante* and of the indignant heroines of *opera seria* is incidental but not unimportant. If the soprano does not attack 'Come scoglio' like a tigress, how are we to credit Fiordiligi's rock-like constancy or enjoy this synthesis of all the simile-arias of all the outraged *prime donne* of Metastasian opera?

Alas! Salzburg nowadays does as little honour to her greatest citizen as she did in his life-time. The truncated version of the opera—can a Festival audience not endure the whole of it?—presented by the Vienna State Opera emphasized the farcical character of the action, which, as I have suggested, is to miss the real point. Some nice playing by the orchestra under Karl Böhm, who nevertheless missed much of the wit because a coarser humour was the aim of the performance, and Graziella Sciutti's always delightful Despina could not compensate us for the general lack of style and sensibility.

Two half-concerts conducted by Sir John Barbirolli were broadcast from the Royal

Festival Hall. In the first, given in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in commemoration of St. Cecilia, the Hallé Orchestra gave brilliant performances of Malcolm Arnold's 'Tam o' Shanter' Overture and Walton's Partita, both showy but shallow works. Between them came a transcription for three hands of Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos made for Cyril Smith and Phyllis Sellick, which sounded perfectly effective and gives me the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Smith on his return to the concert-platform and applauding his valour in refusing to be beaten by his disability.

At the B.B.C.'s Symphony Concert on Wednesday Sir John gave an exquisite performance of Fauré's *Pelléas et Mélisande* Suite, every phrase lovingly moulded. After it

Francescatti played Walton's Violin Concerto, taking its formidable *bravura* in his stride and giving fine expression to the lyrical passages which can so easily be turned to treacle. Played thus, the work can hold up its head in the company of the great virtuoso-concertos.

On Thursday there was a pleasant hour of eighteenth-century music admirably played by the Hurwitz Ensemble. A Violin Concerto by Vivaldi (with Mr. Hurwitz playing the solo) stood out above the rest as a whole composition, but the slow movement of a Concerto in F by Bonporti was singularly beautiful in its tense expressiveness. Even more enjoyable was the performance on Friday of Brahms's Horn Trio by Alan Civil, Manoug Parikian, and Lamar Crowson. The ensemble was finely balanced and the warm romanticism of the music was fully

realized, yet without exaggeration of its sentiment. Mr. Civil is, I imagine, a product of the teaching of the Brains, beside the younger of whom he has often played. He seems to have acquired from them the characteristic mellow tone free from any disagreeable brassiness.

Sunday was the ninetieth birthday of Ernest Newman to whom a tribute, at once eloquent and judicious, was paid by Martin Cooper in *Music Magazine*. It is sad that illness prevented Mr. Newman from celebrating the occasion with his own inimitable pen in *The Sunday Times*, and I may, perhaps, take the occasion to wish my old friend and colleague a recovery of health so that he may enjoy his years of retirement and complete, for our benefit, the books he has in mind.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A Swedish Contemporary of Handel

By ROBERT LAYTON

The second of two programmes of music by Johan Helmich Roman will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Tuesday, December 9 (Third)

THE Swedish composer Roman was one of the most significant figures in the history of Scandinavian music. He lived at a crucial time in Swedish history, when Sweden had begun to withdraw from the role of a Great Power and had turned to the pursuit of the arts of peace, and is the only Scandinavian composer of his day whose work merits international attention.

Roman was not only a considerable composer but also a fine executant. He made his début as a violinist when he was only seven, later becoming a virtuoso; in addition he was a proficient oboist. At the age of sixteen he joined the Royal Orchestra and such hopes were entertained of his talent that the Court took the unprecedented step of paying for his studies abroad 'to perfect himself in the art of music'. Roman spent five years in England (1716-21) probably studying under Pepusch and certainly acquiring his love for the music of Handel. His appointment in 1727 as *kapellmästare* to the Royal Orchestra gave him an admirable vantage point from which to disseminate a knowledge of foreign contemporary music (including Handel's). He transformed the orchestra into a first-class ensemble and together with a young player and composer, Per Brant, started public concerts at the House of the Nobility in Stockholm, which were an important forum for new music.

In 1735 he undertook a second journey abroad which again brought him to England, where he met Handel, Buononcini, Geminiani, and other leading figures, and then took him to France and Italy. Incipient deafness prompted him to take the waters at Ischia, and it seems likely that on his return to Sweden, in 1737, declining health caused him to take a less active part in Stockholm's musical life.

We find him during the 'forties spending more of his time away from Stockholm though he did return periodically to conduct some important concerts. In 1740 he had been elected to membership of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences and in 1745 was appointed *Intendent* to the Court, an honour roughly corresponding to our own Master of the King's Music. After 1751 his withdrawal from Stockholm became complete and he spent the rest of his days on his estate a few miles to the north of Kalmar and not far from the Baltic coast, where he died, probably on November 20, two hundred years ago.

Roman's output falls into three main divisions: first, the instrumental music, represented last night in the first of the two bicentennial broadcasts, comprising *sinfonie*, suites, over-

tures, *concerti grossi*, concertos for solo instruments as well as trio sonatas; secondly, choral work including a *Swedish Mass* (consisting merely of a Kyrie and Gloria), three settings of the *Jubilate* (Psalm 100) and a large number of settings (in the vernacular) of the Psalms with continuo accompaniment; thirdly, there is a quantity of occasional music written to mark various festivities at Court, the best known being the attractive *Drottningholmssmusik*, composed in 1744 for the wedding of Crown Prince Adolf Frederick of Hesse and Frederick the Great's sister, Lovisa Ulrica.

In spite of the fact that Roman's earliest work was a cantata, *Festa musicale*, dating from 1725, the bulk of his output during the early part of his life was instrumental. The twelve flute sonatas were written in 1727, the *Golovin-musik* comes from the following year, most of the concertos date from the early 'thirties, and it seems likely that the bulk of the *sinfonie* were composed during the decade following his second trip abroad. As his interest in instrumental music waned during the 'forties, he turned to vocal music. Throughout his life he was an enthusiastic advocate of the use of Swedish for musical setting, and as his interest in church music mounted during the 'forties, we find him setting vernacular texts with increasing frequency. Among the most important of these are the *Andliga Sånger* (Sacred Songs), which, it is believed, occupied him up to the last years of his life.

Roman's music is a compound of various stylistic traits. On his foreign jaunts he readily absorbed Italian and English influences, and his enthusiasm for Handel left an indelible imprint on his style. But he was well acquainted with French music and although the Lullian *ouverture* did not exercise a permanent influence on him, many of his early orchestral works do reflect his admiration for the pomp and elegance of the French style. In his maturity, however, he inclined more to the Neapolitan *sinfonia* than the French *ouverture* and it would be true to say that it was Italian music that constituted the most potent factor in his stylistic development. However, his library shows him to have been equally familiar with North German musical life, especially with the works of the influential Hamburg theorist and composer, Johann Mattheson. Roman was thus a composer of unusually wide culture and a diversity of musical sympathies.

Although he never developed a pronounced personal idiom, for he lived at a time when the

language of music was highly stylized and its expressive vocabulary disciplined, he nevertheless has many distinctive stylistic features. The two *sinfonie*, No. 16 in D and No. 20 in E minor, by which he is generally known outside Scandinavia, reveal a melodic style that is crisp, fresh, and engaging. There is a keen sense of symmetry, and the music is free from the tiresome rhetoric that disfigures so many composers of the period. The beautiful *largo* from the E minor *sinfonia* is a good instance of his powers of lyrical invention, and there is no lack of concentration in the first movement.

On the whole, Roman's feeling for line is strong; his melodic invention usually being distinguished, even when he is not at his best. His earliest works reveal that he was an assured craftsman writing in an up-to-date idiom, i.e. preponderantly homophonic in character and not overlaid with contrapuntal artifice. He did, of course, adopt a quasi-polyphonic style when the medium called for it; the trio sonatas are an instance of this. His realization of Leo's *Dixit*, which he conducted in 1747, shows how far his predilection for the Italians went, and this, of course, makes itself felt both in the vocal and in the instrumental style. Notwithstanding, Roman, in general, eschewed the excessive floridity of the Italians, for his writing shows a sense of direction and of movement that would have been hampered by virtuosity and display. He shows himself, too, keenly conscious of the need for tonal variety, a feeling that was becoming widespread at this time, though he was not always successful in achieving it.

Although Roman occupies a special place in the history of Scandinavian culture for his outstanding contribution to the development of music in Sweden, his position in relation to the European scene as a whole is perforce of less importance. On the Continent, at this time, Vivaldi, Rameau, Bach, Scarlatti, and Telemann were well-established masters, while among his contemporaries and juniors we must include C. P. E. Bach, Tartini, Boyce, and Locatelli. With the greatest of these, comparison does not arise. However, despite the fact that so much of Roman's output is uneven, his music at its best is fully commensurate with the finest achievements of Telemann and Geminiani; his freshness of approach, his sturdy craftsmanship, his fund of melodic ideas, his spontaneity, and his often original and prophetic strokes that anticipate later composers, all compel admiration. No picture of the development of music in the baroque era is complete without him.

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer.

Question 1

(from P. A. Bainbridge, Orchard Hill, Coltishall, Norwich)

In a Teams of Four contest at Norwich I held:

♠ K Q J 8 7 ♥ A K Q 9 8 6 5 3
♦ None ♣ None

Score—Love All. My partner opened One Spade. I immediately asked for aces and when I found he had two I bid Seven Spades and redoubled when doubled. My partner had two ace kings and a six-card spade suit missing the ace. Is there any recognized convention by which partner can tell me he has not got the ace of spades?

Answer by Terence Reese

Turning to *A Guide to Bridge Conventions*, by Norman Squire, I find that such a convention does exist. Instead of Four No Trumps, Four Clubs must be used as the Blackwood bid. Partner responds Four Spades—two aces. You now bid Four No Trumps—which two aces? Partner: Five Diamonds—they are both of the same rank, i.e., both minors. Other responses describe other combinations. Personally, rather than be enmeshed in such involvements I would prefer to be unlucky and go one down.

Question 2

(from A. S. Ainger, Magdalene College, Cambridge)

At Love All the bidding goes as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	Double	2D	2S
No Bid	3C	No Bid	?

East holds

♠ Q J 6 4 ♥ K Q 8 7 5 3 ♦ 8 2 ♣ 9

What should East bid now?

Answer by Harold Franklin

The question should not be 'What ought East to do now?' but rather 'What ought he to have done on the first round?' At this stage I would say No Bid, having already got myself into an impossible position. There was no point in bidding spades unless partner took further action since the heart suit is not a considerable asset. We cannot cross-ruff our way to a high level contract, and we certainly will not be able to develop the heart suit.

Question 3

(from J. H. C. Naylor, 31 Clowders Road, Catford, London, S.E.6)

Love all. Dealer West.

♠ Q ♥ A 8 6 4 ♦ 10 9 6 3 ♣ A J 10 7
♠ K J 10 8 7 4 2 ♥ K 3 ♦ None ♣ K 9 3 2

When my partner, East, opened One Spade on the above hand I responded Two No Trumps; my partner next bid Three Spades. I raised to Three No Trumps, and that was the final contract. We failed by two tricks when we might have made a slam in either black suit. We can think of many sequences to bid a game in spades or clubs, but at the same time neither my partner nor myself think that any of the bids actually made was especially bad. What do the experts say?

Answer by Terence Reese

Though I think it stuffy to say that one should never respond Two No Trumps with a singleton of partner's suit, that is not good when other contracts may well be better. Thus the first

response should be Two Clubs. Over Three Spades it is better to raise to Four and East should surely have taken out Three No Trumps into Four Spades on his unbalanced hand.

Question 4

(from P. F. Spurway, Cardiff)

My problem is from an international match between England and Wales.

Love All. Dealer South.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1D	2C	2D	2S
3D	?		

West held

♠ 7 2 ♥ 9 ♦ Q 8 2 ♣ A K Q 9 8 6 4

It seemed to me that West had a difficult choice between No Bid, Four Clubs, and Three Spades. I took the last-named course since my useless spades would still produce a ruffing value and partner's spades were sure to be good. Your views, please.

Answer by Harold Franklin

My choice is Four Clubs, and I do not think there is a second best bid. All your playing values are in clubs and it is a fallacy to think that the club suit is ready to run in a spade contract. If opponents have a trump control they can wait until dummy's trumps are exhausted and then run their red tricks, or alternatively they can attack clubs and cut the declarer off from the suit. So far nobody has bid hearts—if, as is not unlikely, partner is two-suited it will be enough to give a spade preference when he is able to demand it.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to 'Bridge Forum', Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and not to The Editor, THE LISTENER.]

Work in the Kitchen Garden

THE VEGETABLE CROPS for this winter are already almost fully grown, but they need looking after to keep them in good condition.

First, Brussels sprouts. You will find the main leaves turning yellow and falling over on to the sprouts themselves. This is bad for them, causing damp and decay. When the plants are dry remove these leaves completely. The sprouts need light and air. Do not break or cut these leaves off, leaving a snag from the main stem, but take them off cleanly. Always start picking the sprouts from the bottom and work upwards. Do not run over the whole plot picking two or three from each plant. The head forms a protection, so leave the top till the last. In the garden let this crop follow one that has been manured, and give the plot a good dressing with lime—eight ounces to the square yard. Put the

sprout leaves into a heap to rot down, and add a sprinkling of lime between the layers.

Do not forget to draw a little soil up to the stems of the young spring cabbage—like earthing up potatoes for the first time. This is to keep the plants firm and save them from getting rocked about in the wind and gales. Do not start feeding them at this time of the year. You want them as sturdy and strong as possible to get over the winter, whereas if you try to push them on, as you think, frost may have other ideas. Still watch out for slugs and those stray caterpillars. As soon as very cold weather sets in, heel your late autumn and winter broccoli over so that the head faces the north. All you have to do is to take out a couple of spits of soil, heel the plant over to the north, and place the soil taken out over the stems for protection.

This retards the head and keeps it white and clean.

Finish earthing up the celery. Make a sloping bank of soil taken from the ground between the rows. Pat it well down with the back of the spade, to throw the rain into the bottom of the bank. I do not advise placing straw over the plants in frosty weather. I find the straw holds the frost and moisture, causing the celery stems to rot. In very frosty hard weather dig up enough sticks to last for some time. Just pack them up on the floor in the shed, and they will be all right.

Lift and store any remaining beetroot from the July and August sowings. They cannot stand frost, so lift them carefully, twist off the leaves, and store them in sand in the shed.

F. H. STREETER

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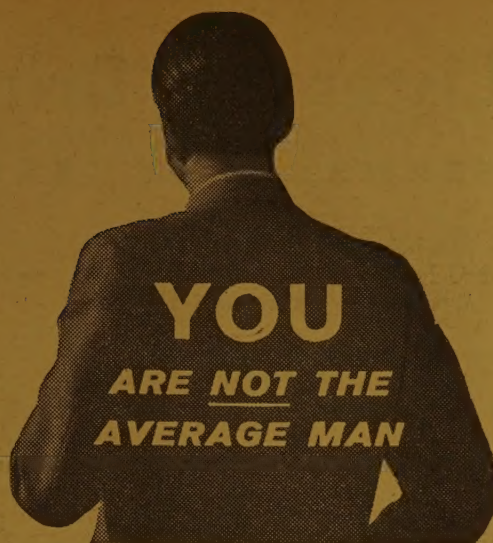
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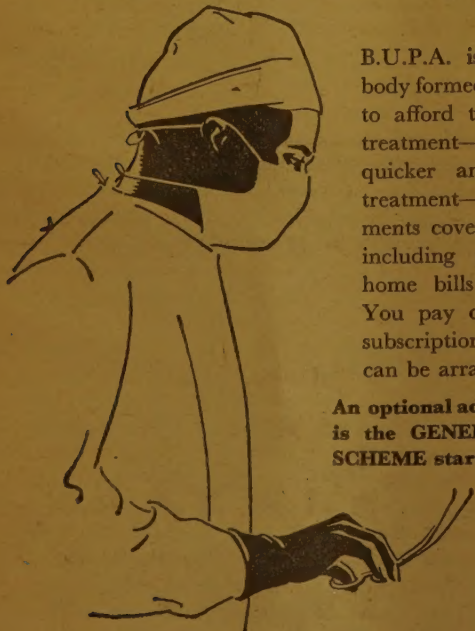
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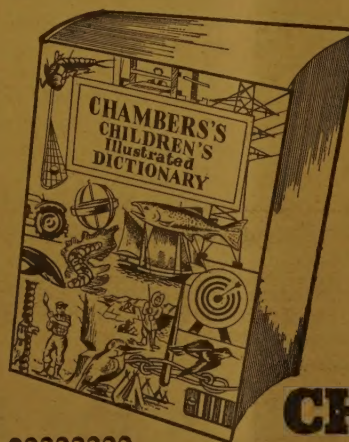
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

POLISHES AND THEIR USES

WHEN PEOPLE TALK about wax polishes nowadays, the word 'silicones' is bound to come into the conversation. What are silicones? The name describes an organic compound—a compound derived from silica. Silicones are used extensively in modern industry: in the waterproofing of fabrics, for coating aircraft-windcreens to increase visibility, and coating cooking pans to make them 'non-stick'. In wax polishes, they serve as a lubricant.

Before the days of silicones, the hard, most efficient polishing waxes (carnauba wax, for instance) had often to be mixed with less efficient, softer wax—paraffin wax. Otherwise spreading was too difficult. Today, silicones take the place of a good deal of this soft wax in the high-grade hard waxes. Both wax and silicone are soluble in the same spirit solvent; and together they make a close mixture—an easy-spreading emulsion which forms a fine film over the surface they polish—a hard-finish film which is resistant to dirt and water. As a result, a siliconized polish gives longer protection against wear than an unsiliconized polish.

Among wax polishes in general there are the familiar paste waxes mostly used for wood floors. Some of them include a non-slip ingredient; others, meant for red quarry tiles, are impregnated with red pigment. Then there are the cream waxes, designed particularly for furniture, and best for all the light woods. Next there are the thin, jelly-like cleaning waxes—a fair amount of spirit in these—very effective, I think, on linoleum. Thinner still are the liquid silicone polishes, which do a fine job on highly finished surfaces, such as table tops, pianos, and so on. These polishes make surfaces remarkably resistant to fingermarks.

Then there are the waterwax emulsions, prepared specially for thermoplastic tiles and rubber floors, and firmly recommended by manufacturers of these floorings, because, in

this type of polish, the wax is emulsified in water. In the majority of polishes a spirit is used by way of solvent, and spirit softens tiles and rubber, in time causing permanent damage.

I think owners of antique furniture tend to mistrust some of the modern polishes because they feel they do not 'feed the wood'. The phrase 'feed the wood' is a figure of speech. You cannot 'feed' wood. A growing tree can be fed, but there is no biological continuance in wood when the tree has been translated into terms of furniture. All that wax polishing does is to fill up the grain and make a flat, protective surface which can be buffed and made to shine. You do this best with a good quality paste or cream wax, with plenty of body to it. Mistrust of modern polish is justified this far: the modern liquid types do not give enough build-up of wax to protect antique furniture. On an old veneer, the large amount of spirit content might not actually penetrate the surface, but its effect is certainly too drying.

The real answer to getting what you want in the way of polishes is by experimenting, at the same time taking note, before you use a polish for a particular job, of the maker's recommendations. It is clearly worth taking advantage of a specialist's view with this sort of manufacture.

RUTH DREW

GAMMON WITH ORANGE SAUCE

Buy a slice of gammon weighing about 1 lb. Fry until it is brown on both sides and cooked right through. Keep it hot. For the sauce, stir 1 tablespoon of flour into the fat in the pan; add 1 cup of fresh orange juice, stir until it is boiling and then continue to stir until the sauce thickens. You can pour the sauce round the ham or serve it separately. Peel and slice two seedless oranges, and arrange the slices overlapping each other

down the centre of the gammon. Potato crisps go well with this.

ANNE WILD

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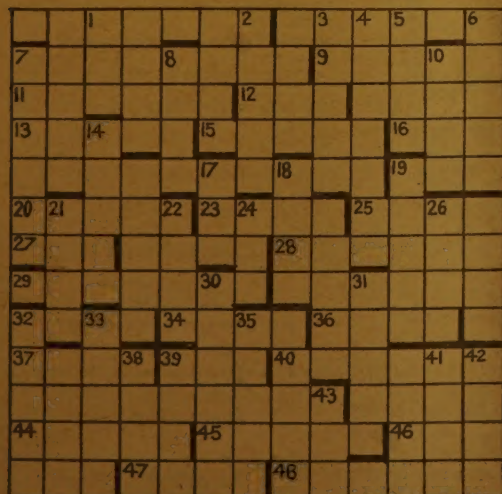
Crossword No. 1,488.

Bilateral.

By Simmo

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The unclued lights are common words which, when taken together in another context, have 'historic' significance.

CLUES—ACROSS

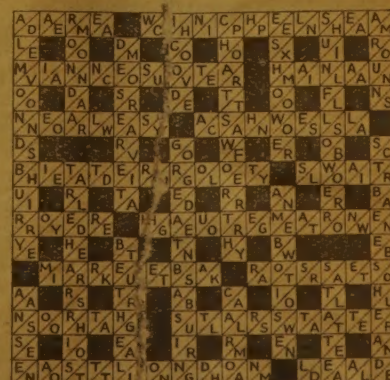
7. Iron-olivine sounds like fairy-land (8). 9. Somewhat nearer—and older and shorter (5). 11. Famous diarist whose namesake wrote a 'Scoop' (6). 12. A canal in the Fens is full of it (3). 13. The fruit partitions of a reflexed 'climber' (5). 15. Kind of colour (5). 16. Silvern pike (3). 20. A variable feature of Perseus (5). 23. Legal cover for stags (4). 25. Blow-back means a draught (4). 27. Dialectal deception brought to light (3). 28. Botanical group having partly aerial roots (6). 29. Is this a — one sees elevated before one? (7). 34. Ten marks! Is this another one? (4). 36. Scottish divine and moderator of a certain body (4). 37. To be well and happy, South they often go (4). 39. To hamstring, according to Shakespeare, is hardly a joke (3). 40. Lend an ear, as it were, for well-known actor (6). 44. A very high waterfall is aptly named after him (5). 45. Most of a toad-stool cap gives a painful obstruction (5). 46. Retribution in animated form (3). 47. Courage as obsolete as native railway (4). 48. Where field-study resulted in an electrical invention (6).

CLUES—DOWN

1. Bairn's bairn (3). 2. Earthenware vessel portrayed by seventeenth-century artist (5). 3. Harden through water (5). 4. To reduce the newspaper puzzle provides leisure-hour tasks (7). 5. Provisions for a journey, or half a journey (4). 6. That awful cricket enthusiast—sit on again! (5). 7. On holidays one is disposed to run wild (6). 8. The sleuth makes a radical change (4). 10. Hoarse sound of unshed horse (4). 14. Fearsome looking fish seen in the Congo in the eighteen eighties (5). 17. They're often heard and mostly

seen and fully described in a cricket ground (3). 18. Light weight, shortened version of E. Berliner's invention (4). 19. Quite drunk before end of party (5). 21. In having a low-sounding environment it's aptly situated (4). 22. For high resistance take boiled cabbage (4). 24. Point at which sundial becomes useless (3). 26. Invented the lyric (4). 30. At least two of his books denote a stronghold (6). 31. Sow beet in! So beat out (5). 32. Potter, apparently unpaid before long (5). 33. A lode afforded a passage to the earth (5). 35. One draw allowed in a permutation will give some rope (5). 38. Scottish swing is delightful, almost (4). 41. Near the end of a fantastic yarn (4). 42. Place of bliss held in trust (4). 43. Soften through water (3).

Solution of No. 1,486



1st prize: R. G. Allen (Taunton); 2nd prize: F. J. Berry (Bromley); 3rd prize: J. Walton (Bath)

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